

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1870

MARCH 7, 1908

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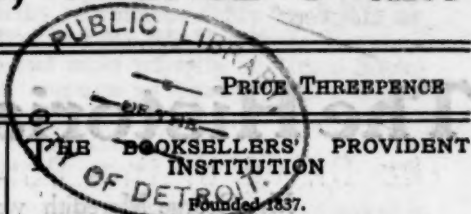
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Cosmopolitanism

as illustrated in

The Historians' History of the World

Mr. George Meredith was quoted by a writer to the "Daily Mail" a few days ago as voicing the following very wholesome sentiments :—

"Let us try to find what good we can in our neighbour nations. Let us remember the splendid literature of France, the scientific temper of the Germans, the inventive genius of the United States. The way to draw all nations together in unity is to dwell upon the services that each has rendered to mankind."

We quote these words of "the greatest living writer of English prose," because they give a very clear exposition of one of the points of view from which the editors of *The Historians' History of the World* regarded the task of producing a narrative that should adequately present the story of the progress of all Nations. Such impartiality of outlook as Mr. Meredith suggests, they all along attempted to maintain. It is this spirit that we have more than once characterized as cosmopolitanism of editorial view.

One or two critics have seemed to be puzzled as to the exact sense in which this word "cosmopolitanism" was used in connection with the editorship of *The Historians' History*. What one or two have expressed, a good many others may have felt. Therefore perhaps it may be worth while to offer a few words of precise explication, both as to the meaning of the term in its application to *The Historians' History* and as to the method by which so-called cosmopolitanism of editorial view was attained.

In the first instance it must be recalled that there are two quite different points of view from which the history of any particular nation may be approached. One of these may be called the sympathetic, the other the antipathetic view. The editors of *The Historians' History* laid it down as an axiom that it is impossible to write a truly great history of a great people from the antipathetic standpoint—a pronouncement obviously in harmony with Mr. Meredith's views as above quoted.

Acting on this theory, the editors of *The Historians' History* have sought always to treat the history of every nation with the utmost sympathy consistent with a critical analysis of that history.

In their view, this was to be accomplished to the fullest practicable extent only by drawing largely upon the narratives of writers who were themselves of the nation to be described, or of such aliens as had demonstrated the most sympathetic and penetrating appreciation of the true spirit of that nation.

Interpreted in set terms, this means that for the history of France, as presented in *The Historians' History of the World*, narratives written by Frenchmen were translated and incorporated; for the history of Germany, German sources were constantly sought out; for the history of Russia, Russian sources, and so on. Translations were made from the works of more than one hundred French writers for the volumes on French history; of many scores of German writers for the volumes on German history; of more than a score of Russian writers for the volume on Russian history.

It must be clearly understood, however, that this implies something very different indeed from the translation of any single French or German or Russian history and its incorporation unmodified in *The Historians' History*. Such a course as that would have produced a result radically different from the one actually achieved. It would imply the retention of defects that would more than counterbalance the excellencies. We should have history not merely sympathetic but over-sympathetic, expressing national egoism in a way utterly destructive of that impartiality which it was a chief object of the editors of *The Historians' History* to maintain. There is no work in French on the history of France, no work in German on the history of Germany, no work in Russian on the history of Russia that could be commended unreservedly to the English reader. The selective work of the impartial critic must be brought to bear upon each national history before a proper perspective, from the international standpoint, can be secured.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

MR. ARTHUR SYMONS is no doubt a gentleman of great ability; some of his literary criticism reaches a high level, and in his last published volume of poems there is some really fine poetry, the first, in our opinion, that he has so far produced. But Mr. Symons has his limitations, and we confess that his dissertations on music are apt to be somewhat irritating. A few weeks ago he was referring, in the *Saturday Review*, to the influence of Handel on English music. He described it as "heavy," and though we are unable to recall his exact words, we remember that he expressed the opinion that Handel's influence had a fatal effect on English music, and that he (Mr. Arthur Symons) had a rather poor opinion of Handel. The real truth is, surely, that what little good music has been written in England since Handel's day owes most of the excellence it possesses to Handel's influence. It is characteristic of this sort of criticism to call Handel "heavy." Why heavy? We suppose because Mr. Symons associates him with the singing of choruses by massed choirs. But a chorus does not become "heavy" because it is sung by a great number of voices. We fail to see anything "heavy" in, say, the overture to "Samson," or the superb soprano solo, "Let the bright Seraphim," from the same noble work, and if Mr. Symons finds "Acis and Galatea" and the organ concertos heavy, we are sorry for him.

It is instructive to compare the utterances of Mr. Symons and other gifted modern critics with the recorded saying of Beethoven on the same subject. Seigfried, in his "Beethoven Studies," gives the following opinion, as expressed to him by the great composer:

Handel is the unequalled master of all masters. Go to him and learn how with small means to produce great effects.

In a letter from an English visitor in Vienna to a friend in London, given in the appendix to Moscheles' translation of Schindler's "Life of Beethoven," we read:

In the whole course of the table talk there was nothing so interesting as what he (Beethoven) said about Handel. I sat close by him, and heard him assert very distinctly in German, "Handel is the greatest composer that ever lived." I cannot describe to you with what pathos—I am inclined to say with what sublimity of language he spoke of the "Messiah" of this great composer. Every one of us was moved when he said, "I would uncover my head and kneel down on his tomb."

In Weegler and Ries's "Notizen" it is recorded that "Beethoven esteemed Mozart and Handel most of all composers, and next to them Sebastian Bach." To anyone in search of an antidote to the musical criticism of Mr. Arthur Symons and other critics of his school we can heartily recommend "My Thoughts on Music and Musicians," by Mr. H. Heathcote Statham. It is an admirable and most unjustly neglected book. It was published as long ago as 1892 by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

There is a very amusing passage in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." Charlotte, learning French under M. Héger, had to imitate well-known classics, and amongst others her master put before her a French rendering of the Epistle of St. Ignatius to the Romans, which Charlotte seems to have admired. But:

She claimed equal self-devotion and from as high a motive, for some of the missionaries of the English Church sent out to toil and to perish on the poisonous African coast, and wrote as an "imitative" "Lettre d'un Missionnaire, Sierra Leone, Afrique."

The fact is that Charlotte Brontë thought of St. Ignatius, who was a disciple of St. John, and was consecrated a bishop, probably by St. Paul, c. 70, as a Papist. The case is an extreme one, but it illustrates, vividly enough, the old-fashioned Protestant theory that Christianity suffered instant corruption on the completion of the New Testament Canon. Up to the writing of the last line of the Apocalypse the Christian Church was "Protestant"; five minutes afterwards, we are to presume, it had become a hot-bed of Popery and Idolatry. Of course, St. Ignatius should prove rather a difficult case, since he was made a bishop long before the Canon was completed; but one presumes that for Charlotte Brontë and for many other simple souls his error is clear because "he is not in the Bible."

One excuses Charlotte very readily; the Reverend Patrick Brontë did not shine as a theologian, and probably took a great deal more interest in the Duke of Wellington than in the noble army of martyrs. But it is difficult to excuse a person who has placed himself, or has suffered himself to be placed, in the chair of the teacher, when he talks nonsense which is as absurd and unhistorical as Charlotte Brontë's view of St. Ignatius. We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with the name or the fame of Dr. Rendel Harris, the outgoing President of the Free Church Council, but we are instructed by a daily paper that his addresses are "unique," and that his farewell discourse to the assembly combined "scholarship, mysticism, and humour." One presumes that all three qualities are present in the president's remarks with reference to the discoveries at Oxyrhynchus:

We may find some more of this very Gospel or of another of equal date, and then we shall be on our way to write a life of Christ without subtleties. Experience suggests that we are not going to discover an ecclesiastical Christ, but we may be very near to fresh traces of the real Christ.

And one wonders what Dr. Harris means. Does he intend his hearers to understand that the Christ who appears in the Four Gospels cannot be presented without subtleties, but that somewhere in the sands there lies hid a fifth Gospel, entirely opposed to the spirit of the present Canon, and so corrective of their teaching that an entirely new Christ, unknown before

to Christendom, will be disclosed to the world? In that case this friend of "simple Bible Teaching" holds that the Bible as it is is not sufficient for instruction, nor, presumably, for salvation. It was only a week or two ago that we noted the strange fatality by which the effusive Bibliolater is made to play the Biblioclast; it is odd enough that the men who are ready to endure anything, as they say, for the Bible and the Bible only are the most open assailants of the authority of Holy Writ. Let us meditate on Dr. Rendel Harris, scholar, mystic, humorist, ex-president of the Free Church Council, who is ready to die (presumably) for simple Bible Teaching, who is quite unable to get a true conception of the Christ by the light of the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles, and the Revelation of St. John the Divine.

And when the missing fifth Gospel has been discovered the real life will be written, without "subtleties." Why, there are subtleties in the Axioms of Euclid, there are subtleties in a chemical reaction, there are subtleties in the simplest old ballad, there are subtleties in the lives of Tom Smith and Jack Robinson. But there are to be no subtleties (or mysteries) in the consideration of the Great Mystery of the World! And after this we are told that the New Gospel will not show us the ecclesiastical Christ, but the real Christ. It is the ecclesiastical Christ, then, that is shown to us by the Apostles and Evangelists, that appears in the works of St. John, St. Mark, and St. Paul? And the real Christ, hidden from the Disciple that Jesus loved, hidden from St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp, from the army of the martyrs from Origen, from St. Augustine, from St. Chrysostom, from St. Clement of Alexandria, from all the host of the saints, from all the Holy Catholic Church, is about to be revealed to Dr. Harris, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. Silas Hocking by means of a gospel which may be discovered at Oxyrhynchus. On the one side the whole Church: St. John the Divine, St. Paul, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Thomas à Kempis; on the other Dr. Harris, Dr. Clifford, and Mr. Silas Hocking. There are occasions on which logic is an impertinence, and the syllogism is otiose.

If we describe Sieneſe *tavolette* as the decorated upper-covers of thin wood belonging to the account books of the Biccherna (Treasury) and Gabella (Customs) of Siena, from about 1250 to about 1450, we hope that we shall be offering to our readers information which they do not all possess already. Mr. W. A. Pollard writes in *The Library*, the well-printed quarterly review of which he is co-editor, an interesting and useful note on these *tavolette*, derived, as he frankly states, from an exhaustive monograph by the Cavalliere Alessandro Lisini, director of the Archivio Civile of Siena, published in 1901, and copiously illustrated. Mr. Pollard's main object is to point out that a large number of spurious *tavolette* are in the market, and seem to deceive English buyers. From a rather vague recollection of some of these spurious examples, we should have thought they were too pretty and elaborate to be classed as forgeries, of such early work, but were rather innocent imitations, attractive only to tourists as souvenirs of Siena. However, Mr. Pollard's experience is that they are regarded seriously as antiques, and his note gives owners, actual or prospective, broad indications how to distinguish between the true and the false. Full certainty can be attained by comparing the Catalogue of the Palazzo Piccolomini, which possesses a large collection, with

the remaining examples enumerated in the Italian monograph. The monograph should be found in all good art libraries, and identification should not be difficult even to those who do not know Italian, since it mainly rests on the dates and proper names, which generally appear as part of the actual decoration.

We are surprised at Mr. Maurice Hewlett's letter to the *Times* repudiating responsibility concerning the price of a story by him, "The Spanish Jade," recently published by Messrs. Cassell and Co. Since, as Mr. Hewlett states, Messrs. Cassell purchased the copyright, they have a right to charge what they like for copies of the book. We do not approve of a vendor depreciating his wares after he has sold them. A publisher has as much right to consideration in this respect as any other purchaser. A deservedly popular writer such as Mr. Hewlett can be no *ingénu* in dealing with publishers, and there is no reason to suppose that he accepted from Messrs. Cassell less for his book than he could get elsewhere. Apart from this strong probability, Mr. Hewlett's unfortunate letter would suggest that he repented him of his bargain, and was annoyed that Messrs. Cassell were about to profit by their own perspicacity. The fact that copies of longer works by Mr. Hewlett can be purchased at the same price is surely no criterion. Mr. Hewlett would scarcely wish the excellence of his work tested by a yard measure.

"Dr." Clifford distinguished himself last Tuesday at the meeting of the Free Church Council, by saying that "in his judgment, the Bill (Mr. McKenna's Education Bill) was lavish in its generosity to Romanists and Anglicans," a statement which, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, was received by the audience with "loud cheers." The idea of a vast body of Non-conformists "loudly cheering" because the Government had been "lavishly generous" to Roman Catholics and Anglicans would be amusing enough were it not a manifestation of a peculiarly cynical and sinister hypocrisy. We do not, however, grudge the political Nonconformists their temporary triumph. It will not be of long duration. It seems pretty safe to say that any chance that Mr. McKenna's outrageous Bill ever had of passing into law has now been effectually knocked on the head, thanks to Mr. Asquith and his Licensing Bill. Generations of children yet unborn will bless the name of Mr. Asquith, and any movement which might be set on foot to present him with a testimonial from Churchmen would have our sincere support and approval, the more so as, by introducing a Bill which has so effectually damaged the Government in the eyes of the country as to render innocuous its attack on the Church, he has, if our judgment is worth anything, committed political suicide.

We do not, as a rule, encourage "Limerick" competitions, but the witty remark made by a certain reverend gentleman in one of the Houses of Convocation at York the other day has almost induced us to offer a prize for one of these rhymes. The gentleman in question (our impression is that it was Dr. Cox) is reported by the *Daily Telegraph* to have observed, during the course of a discussion on Mr. McKenna's Education Bill, that, after reading its provisions, he had come to the conclusion that it proceeded from the place which rhymes with McKenna. The first line of the Limerick would, of course, be: "There was a young man called McKenna." We invite suggestions for the other lines from some of our more frivolously minded readers.

THE VISION

I COME from lonely downs and silent woods,
 With winter in my heart, a withered world,
 A heavy weight of dark and sorrowful things,
 And all my dreams spread out their rainbow wings,
 And turn again to those bright solitudes
 Where Beauty met me in a thousand moods,
 And all her shining banners were unfurled. . .
 And where I snatched from the sweet hands of Spring
 A crystal cup and drank a mystic wine,
 And walked alone a secret perfumed way,
 And saw the glittering Angels at their play,
 And heard the golden birds of Heaven sing,
 And woke . . . to find white lilies clustering
 And all the emerald wood an empty shrine,
 Fragrant with myrrh and frankincense and spice,
 And echoing yet the flutes of Paradise. . .

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

THE POET

All the winds of the wide air
 Through me blow;
 All the waters of the earth
 Through me flow;
 And the earthbound flowers and trees
 Through me grow;
 From me sprang the winds to birth,
 And the rivers and the seas,
 And the trees and blossoms fair.
 All the star-fires of the night
 In me burn;
 And the caverns of the dark
 In me yearn;
 And the wheels of night and day
 In me turn;
 For of old I lit the spark,
 Cast the shadow from the ray,
 Winged the wheels of time for flight.
 All the sorrows of man's breath
 In me sigh;
 All his passions and his fears
 In me cry;
 And the springs of his last rest
 In me lie;
 I have brought him forth in tears;
 I have borne him at my breast—
 I his life, and I his death!

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

LITERATURE

CRIME. GREAT AND LITTLE

Memoirs of M. Claude, Chief of Police under the Second Empire. (London: Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd., 12s. 6d. net.)

The Story of Crime from the Cradle to the Grave. By H. L. ADAM. (London: T. Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d. net.)

CRIME is a fascinating subject to the majority of us; "heaven for climate, but hell for company," said John P. Allen, and the records of vice have a habit, so degenerate is the taste of man, of being vastly more interesting than that of virtue; Mr. Jonathan Wild would have been for most of us a more desirable companion at a dinner-party than Captain Hedley Vickers. The title of these two books convey, then, a promise which ensures them at once a measure of popularity, while their subjects make it inevitable that some of the contents must be readable. But this last fact puts considerable responsibility upon the authors, for the most difficult part of their task is done before they begin. They are writing for an audience ready to find the subject-matter acceptable—they occupy the position of a player into whose mouth the dramatist has put such telling words that only thoroughly incompetent rendering can prevent a success for the piece. Is it possible that the memoirs of the Chief of Police during the lurid reign of Napoleon III. can make other than absorbing reading? Can a story of crime, ranging from the cradle to the grave, fail to grip our attention closely? Well, M. Claude's *carnet*, though stuffed with piquant revelations, and though a decidedly valuable record of important work, seems to lack, somehow, the quality of vividness which an eye-witness's account should always possess. We feel that he has in places, perhaps, exercised an economy in his confidences and a discretion in his judgments with which we could have dispensed gladly, while at other times his natural desire to exhibit intuition and insight has led him to talk more of what he thought than of what he saw. As for Mr. Adam, he does not possess much literary faculty, and having but little to say, with scant power of saying it, he writes much, but it does not mean much.

Mr. Adam, we learn from his naïve preface, set himself some years ago the task of studying crime and prison life in all its phases—"wherever anything was to be learned concerning crime I there prosecuted my enquiries and observed for myself what transpired." The transpirations are disappointing. Mr. Adam has been present in court at the hearing of a certain number of notorious cases, but he has nothing new to tell us about any of them. He has visited certain prisons, but his accounts do not help us to realise in any intimate manner what a convict's plight is like. The accounts of the candid persons, now becoming a large group, who have related their experiences upon release from prison, make Mr. Adam's revelations flat reading; he has penetrated the buildings, he has been able to appreciate their cleanliness and the value of their geographical positions, he has presented Home Office credentials which have enabled him to secure some good photographs; but he says hardly an illuminating word upon the efficiency of our systems of imprisonment. A large number of thoughtful persons believe with Mr. William Tallack, the secretary of the Howard Association, that British prisons are more calculated to exercise a deterrent influence over their inmates than the penal establishments of most other

nations, while no one any longer doubts that a totally disproportionate punishment falls upon many luckless prisoners owing to the grave moral wrong that is inflicted upon them under existing conditions. If we reproach Mr. Adam for the dearth of penological principles set out in his book, for his briefest of references to such a subject as the social crime against the vicious that is equally implied in over-severity or over-laxity, he may reply that he should not be blamed for leaving undone what he has made no attempt to do, or he may point in refutation of the stricture to his remarks upon the abolition of capital punishment, or to the reflections in his last chapter, when he "ventures to make a few critical comments on the subject of crime from a general stand-point." But Mr. Adam must remember the title of the book, and words in his preface which pledge him deeply. Why, for example, is it venturesome of him to "make a few critical comments, etc." when he has stated on the title-page that he will tell us the story of crime from the cradle to the grave? Not only should "a few critical comments, etc.," be given us, but we have the right to demand them, and demand them in bulk, and not just a few of them. The truth is, Mr. Adam cannot supply them, and perhaps he began to feel at this late point in his work that he is not properly equipped for his task. That is the whole trouble. The sole fault we have to find with him is that he did not see this from the first, call his book "Round the Prisons with a Camera," and spare us his psychology and sociology. What the late Robert Buchanan, what Mr. Wheatley, the police-court missionary, and what Mr. Frank Barrett, the novelist, remarked to him at different times, together with some conversations held with warders and magistrates, appear to be his authorities, and they prove untrustworthy support for the task he has essayed. Insufficient knowledge of the world betrays him into sweeping statements of this sort:—

There is no type of criminal, but there is a criminal class; A barrister is always a gentleman and a man of honour; Why should solicitors be such a questionable lot? It is only now and again, by the merest accident, that the secret poisoner is brought to justice; Indiscreet courting couples form a fruitful field for police black-mailing . . . a similar kind of extortion goes on in connection with the women of the pavement . . . disreputable members of the force rob helpless drunken men.

These things are always being said by uneducated and ignorant people, but they would not be endorsed by a responsible writer. As a matter of fact, everyone of Mr. Adams's dogmatic statements is arguable, and well-informed opinion would contradict him flatly in most cases. A history of crime is not written in this way, and we recommend Mr. Adam, if a second edition of his book is called for—a perfectly possible occurrence, because of the wide appeal of this subject—to tell more stories of actual crimes, and tell them more fully, to cut out all his deductions from these stories, to correct his proofs much more carefully, and to verify the spelling of all the proper names.

M. Claude, Chief of the Police under the Second Empire, writes of crime from a totally different standpoint, but his book has this in common with that of Mr. Adam, it owes its interest entirely to the sensational stories it contains, and not a whit to the author's reflections on life or morals or politics. M. Claude had not to rely on other people for his material—he knew all the great folk whom he mentions, the accounts of crimes are told as often as not from the standpoint of the man who arrested the criminals, and his outside information came from people like the Emperor Napoleon III., M. Thiers, M. Delessert, M. Lagrange, Madame de Montijo, and various princesses and Government agents, whose names are not always given, but whose high social

or diplomatic position can be guessed at from the context. The memoirs, which have been translated by Miss K. P. Wormeley, are a condensation of the first half of M. Claude's diary, which was published some twenty-seven years ago, and their range is from 1830, when the citizen king displaced his Legitimist relative, through the reigns of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III., to the overthrow of the Napoleonic régime after Sedan. What a time! Forty years of plotting and counterplotting; three revolutions, and the prisoners of yesterday the judges of to-day, with all the shocks and transformations in fortune that are thus implied. No wonder that the political and social crimes of such an epoch were lurid in character, and no wonder that M. Claude, Chief of the Police during a large part of the period, has been able to write an interesting book. We have the Napoleonic intrigues described and the preliminaries of the *coup d'état*, the stories of the Choiseul-Praslin, Tropmann and Jud murders, the stories of the bombs of Orsini and of the Duke of Brunswick's diamonds, and notes upon many other extraordinary or infamous incidents; and we have at the same time some frank exposures of the life led by some of the leading spirits in the conduct of the Second Empire. Here M. Claude is sometimes a little boring. His half-confidences may be diplomatic, and his allusions may—they probably do—mean a great deal more to those who are familiar with the underside of well-known events and persons during the reign of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III., than they can mean to the casual reader, but when the most appalling insinuations and even sinister accusations are directed against anyone, even a usurping Emperor, we ought to have more substantiation of the author's views than sentences beginning, "It is said." M. Claude is proud of his possession of *flair*, and his own account of his talent does not err on the side of modesty, despite his words of disclaimer:

I have a *flair* (he says) which, in spite of my temperament, excites my energy, and has rarely deceived me in my hunts for men. A thief or a murderer, whom the Prefecture points out to me, becomes a prey of which I sometimes instantly divine the trail; the faintest indication of his passage endows me often with a species of second-sight. I do not wish to make a parade of my merits; but if, from the faintest indication, the most insignificant fact, I have often established a whole world of proofs and revelations, I owe such merits to a natural gift, a wholly special organisation. I was born a policeman as a greyhound is born to course.

That may be all quite true, and we think that M. Claude's employers must have regarded him in an identical light, or he would not have remained so many years in the same employment, when all around him was being turned upside down and inside out. But *flair* and second-sight will not enable a man to read the hearts of kings or the ciphers of Cabinets with any certainty, while the man who is born a policeman is exactly the man to put an evil interpretation upon any guesses he may make. We must own to regarding M. Claude as a prejudiced witness in respect of Napoleon III., even if we cannot quite accept the estimate of the last French Emperor which is contained in Mr. W. Blanchard Jerrold's official biography.

The records of crime always have their attraction, and both these books should command, and probably will obtain, a large sale, though of neither can it be said that it is an important human document or a successful piece of art. Both of them should be read because of the stories contained in them, while the reflections of the authors may in both instances be neglected considerably. M. Claude has an exaggerated idea of the penetration of the policeman's glance; while Mr. Adam's credence in popular report leads him to generalise rashly and tritely, while it deprives his opinions of the individual weight which they might have enjoyed otherwise as those of an industrious observer.

NEW MEDIÆVAL LIBRARY—III.

The Chatelaine of Vergi: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century. Translated by ALICE KEMPE-WELCH; with the French text; with six illustrations from a contemporary ivory. Introduction by L. BRANDIN, Ph.D. Title page, repeated on cover, designed by Miss B. C. HUNTER. New Mediæval Library. Vol. 3. (Chatto and Windus, 5s. net and 7s. 6d. net.)

"THE CHATELAINE OF VERGI" is a simple and pathetic tragedy, told in ballad form by an unknown poet, between about 1280 and 1288, if we are to accept the extreme dates fixed by Gaston Paris and M. Gaston Raynaud. It made an immense sensation all over France, Flanders and Holland, and is referred to or adapted by Froissart, Marguerite de Navarre, and Bandello, among many other authors known to the year 1766, when it practically expired in an anonymous work of pure fiction, "La Comtesse de Vergi et Raoul de Couci." M. L. Brandin tells us in his introduction, that it still exists in eight MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and five of the fifteenth and sixteenth. The translation is made from the text edited by M. Gaston Raynaud, who used the eight earlier texts only. Happily M. Raynaud's text is printed after the translation, an addition which makes this volume by far the most interesting of the three, although we miss Mrs. Kempe-Welch's really admirable notes. A knight, greatly loved by the Duke of Burgundy, secretly enjoys the love of the Duke's niece, "la Chatelaine de Vergi." They have sworn to each other never to betray their secret. The Knight is regarded with some curiosity by the courtiers, because he cannot force himself to pay open court to any lady. The Duchess has become violently enamoured of the Knight, and without committing herself beyond recall, skilfully leads him up to a declaration, which to her chagrin, proves to be a blunt refusal to entertain any love in his breast, which would do dishonour to his master the Duke. The same night, the mendacious Duchess tells the Duke that the Knight whom he loves best, has persistently besieged her virtue. The Duke sends for the Knight, accuses him of his treachery, and banishes him from his territories. However, since it is evident that the Knight cannot say much in self defence without making matters worse than they already are, the Duke offers the Knight, as an alternative to banishment, the choice of answering upon oath any question which he may ask him. The simple Knight, unable to face separation from his beloved, falls into the trap set for him by inexorable fate, and takes the oath. The Duke, anxious to keep the skeleton in his own cupboard locked up, if he can, replies, that since no one has ever heard of the Knight paying court to any known lady, and he must naturally be cherishing some lady somewhere, he will be sufficiently assured that an error has arisen in the matter of the Duchess, if the Knight will confide to him who that lady of his love really is. After terrible searchings of heart, and assured by an oath of secrecy from the Duke, the Knight reveals his secret. The Duke, *en bonhomme*, is delighted with the story, and insists on accompanying the Knight on his next visit to the lady, and on staying to witness their happiness from a hiding place, without the lady's knowledge. The expedition takes place, and the Duke is let into the secret of the lovers' means of communication, which is the lady's little dog, trained to give her silent notice of her lover's approach. Shortly afterwards, the wicked Duchess, who, we fear, alone among the candid actors of this sad drama has any sense, observes that the Duke is more devoted to his Knight than ever. By dint of connubial persecution she succeeds in extracting the secret from the Duke under

another oath of secrecy, confirmed in this case by a vow on his part that, if she ever does divulge it, he will immediately cut off her head. When Pentecost comes, the Duchess holds a Court, to which all the ladies are invited, and first among them the Duke's niece, the Chatelaine de Vergi. The Duchess has no fixed plot, but the poet being a shrewd observer, and desiring to portray *une méchante femme*, writes thus:

Lors ne pot garder ses paroles
La duchesse qui vit son leu,
Ainz dist ausi comme par geu :
" Chatelaine, soiez bien cointe,
Quar bel et preu avez acointe."
Et cele respont simplement :
" Je ne sai quel acointement
Vous pensez, ma dame, por voir,
Que talent n'ai d'ami avoir
Qui ne soit del tout a l'onor
Et de moi et de mon seignor.
—Je l'otroi bien" dit la duchesse,
" Mais vous estes bone mestresse,
Qui avez apris le mestier
Du petit chienet afetier."

Though no one present but herself understands the Duchess's malice, the poor Châtelaine is cut to the heart. She retires to a small chamber, and in a scene of real poignancy, bemoans the supposed faithlessness of her lover, and prays for death. Her prayer is heard, and she dies of a broken heart. Meanwhile, her lover has missed her from the dance, and on finding her dead, slays himself upon her corpse. The Duke, finding the two corpses, and hearing what has passed, from a serving maid who had witnessed the tragedy, draws the Knight's sword from his body and with it slays the Duchess in the midst of the dance. Overcome with remorse he renounces the duchy, sets out on a pilgrimage, and enrolling himself among the Templars, never returns. M. Renaud is sure that the poet here relates a Court scandal which occurred between 1267 and 1272, in which Hugo IV., Duc de Bourgogne, Beatrice de Champagne (as Duchess), and Laure de Lorraine (as Châtelaine) played their parts. But M. Brandin shows in his introduction, that either the poet has taken great liberties with the facts, or the ballad must be dated much later, for Beatrice de Champagne's death did not occur until 1295, many years after that of Duke Hugo IV. It rather seems, that the poet chose a plot fairly familiar in its broad outlines, and located it at Vergi, in reference to a contemporary scandal connected with that place, without closer reference to its details. At any rate, he has localised it at Vergi for all time, wherever it took place.

ARABIA'S DESERT RANGER

Wanderings in Arabia. By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY (abridged). Arranged by EDWARD GARNETT. (Duckworth, 2 vols., 16s. net.)

SO-HO, Mr. Pessimist, have these twenty years not taught you a little modest discretion, the twenty years since this strange, strong book was first issued? Still do we hear that this is the generation, almost the second generation, of pigmies. You tell us, from ha'penny paper, tedious platform and doleful pulpit, that we have no longer the genius to write great books nor the sense to read them. In an excess of condescension you bid us "despise not the day of small things." A small thing is a harvest, a quiet thing is a hill, and while you have stood with a new lamentation in your hand, painfully conning your elaborate analogies of decadence (not sparing us the familiar one of declining Rome), a harvest has sprung from the old earth, a hill has slowly cleared, the landscape is not as you saw it and declared it. Here, surely, dolorous friend, is an enduring book.

Our dolorous friend may indeed have heard of those books of far lands, strange lands, morning or sunset

lands as we fondly deem them, which writers such as Mr. W. H. Hudson and Mr. Cunningham Graham have given us. Rumour of the bright delight of Mr. Hudson, of the bitter whimsicality of the author of "A Vanished Arcadia," may have reached him, and mayhap he has dismissed them as brief trifles, immoment tales of travellers unaccountably disgusted with streets and sewers. But he will find nothing trifling about this book; in length it is some six hundred pages—wherefore, surely, it should appeal to him. Its matter—hear the author's first paragraph:

A new voice hailed me of an old friend when, first returned from the Peninsula, I passed again in that long street of Damascus which is called Straight; and suddenly taking me wonderingly by the hand, "Tell me (said he) since thou art here again in the peace and assurance of Ullah, and whilst we walk, as in the former years, through the new blossoming orchards full of the sweet spring as the garden of God, what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?"

Mr. Doughty lived for some eighteen months among the Arab tribesmen, wandering lonely as a cloud over the harsh Peninsula, a Nasrāny amid wild and fanatic Beduins. By what strange and immeasurable compulsion was it that these tameless ones of the desert, poor, treacherous, uncertain, but never quite caitiff, endured that their life should be made manifest and familiar to a stranger whom it were a privileged piety to kill! In the pages of this book, of which it is difficult to speak in moderate words, the story of this sojourn in the wonderful sealed land is told with a candour the farthest removed from egotism, with a vivid simplicity, a powerful directness, as rare as enchanting. Well does Mr. Edward Garnett (to whom we owe what must have been a painful business of abridgement, and a brief but admirable introduction) say: "It is a great human picture Doughty has drawn for us in 'Arabia Deserta,' and not the least testimony to the great art of the writer is that we see him in the Arabians' minds." There is something noble in the absence of self-consciousness, in the patient fidelity and fulness of recital, in the spaciousness and sympathy of the book; and there is something massy and memorable in the grave English, a style as individual as Carlyle's, but serene, powerful, meditative—owing something, as Mr. Garnett notes, to the Bible, but owing chiefly to the author's own intense mind. There is, too, the delicacy of strength in this prose, and the felicitous strangeness of an accomplished master; strange words are used, pious revivals and happy discoveries; it is prose of a singular dignity of rhythm, conveying a continuous sense of distant music to which the pilgrim-words are marching. Here is a passage that will fitly illustrate some of the qualities both of style and matter, the subject of the portrait being a certain Mohammed Aly, surveyor of the Kellas (fortified water-stations) between Tebūk and el-Medina, "an amiable bloody ruffian":

A diseased senile body he was, full of ulcers, and past the middle age, so that he looked not to live long, his visage much like a fiend, dim with the leprosy of the soul and half fond; he shouted when he spoke with a startling voice, as it might have been of the ghrōl: of his dark heart ruled by so weak a head, we had hourly alarms in the lonely kella. Well could he speak (with a certain erudite utterance) to his purpose, in many or in few words. . . . His tales seasoned with saws, which are the wisdom of the unlearned, we heard for more than two months, they were never ending. He told them so lively to the eye that they could not be bettered, and part were of his own motley experience. Of a licentious military tongue, and now in the shipwreck of a good understanding, with the bestial insane instincts and the like compunctions of a spent humanity, it seemed the jade might have been (if great had been his chance) another Tiberius senex. With all this he was very devout as only they can be, and in his religion scrupulous.

Fulness of life is in this book. The record of nomad existence has a singular fascination: of the nomads' hospitality in their poor "flitting-houses of hair," freely yielded in honourable, unquestioning silence, and in amazing contrast to the "sordid inhospitality of the towns"; of their coffee-hearth in the desert with its

opportunities of astute courtesy; of their cupidity and cunning thefts, their mild, expeditious justice; of their eager faith in vaccination, safe-guarding them against the small-pox that issues forth with the returning pilgrims from pestilential Mecca; of their oaths and subtlety; of their brotherliness, born of common endurance of almost incessant privation; of their austere indolence, their miseries, strife and irrevocably wild hearts; of their wives and camels. Well does Mr. Doughty write of the camels, faithful allies of the nomads in their idle wrestle with an unkindly lean earth:

If, after some shower, the great drinkless cattle find rain-water lodged in any hollow rocks, I have seen them slow to put down their heavy long necks; so they snuff to it, and bathing but the borders of their flaggy lips, blow them out and shake the head again as it were with loathing. . . . Driven home full-bellied at sunset, they come hugely bouncing in before their herdsman: the householders, going forth from the booths, lure to them as they run lurching by, with loud *Wolloo-wolloo-wolloo*, and to stay them *Woh-ho, woh-ho, woh-ho!* they chide any that strikes a tent-cord with *hutch!* The camels are couched every troop beside, about, and the more of them before the booth of their household; there all night they lie ruckling and chawing their huge cuds till the light of the morrow.

The raiding of certain of the Fukara Beduins' camels by a distant tribe affords an illustration of the fatalistic apathy with which even the greatest calamities are regarded; and it is curious to note that something, at least, of this fatalism, though clearly none of the apathy, seems to have passed into the adventurous author's mind. Judiciously he pays tribute to the nomad eloquence, fantasy, and "natural musing conscience of good and evil"; the "loose Arabian tales of the great border-cities are but profane ninnery to their stern natural judgments"; but he does not seek to fling a false glamour over the Semitic nature of his companions, from which the "herdsmen's grossness" is never absent. Heartily plain is his summing-up:

To speak of the Arabs at the worst, in one word, the mouth of the Arab is full of cursing and lies and prayers; their heart is a deceitful labyrinth. We have seen their urbanity; gall and venom is in their least ill-humour; disdainful, cruel, outrageous is their malediction.

Withal there is a kindly feeling towards these inheritors of the desert; and on their part, perhaps, some now remember the strange Nasrāny, intruder on the Faithful's wide home, journeying with uncomprehended intent; or already, maybe, Khalil is no more than a tradition, and his wonders, his singularity, his deplored heresy, are matter for some Epic relation in the ears of the next Beduin generation. So, grave and unfathomable, he goes freely with the homeless Arabs, sharing their privations, conceding nought to their religion, never abjuring his own, wandering with them through the nameless habitation of the desert wind, more secure with the untrammelled tribesmen in the native wildness of sand and sun than in the builded Teyma, "tall island of palms, enclosed with long clay orchard-walls, fortified with high towers." Kinglake has written, in Eothen, of the Beduins after a journey from Gaza to Cairo, writing (in his own phrase) like a boy in the fourth form, with school-boy pity. But Mr. Doughty writes with the calm understanding, the patient acceptance, the profound and passionate humanity of one who makes nothing of geographical limitations. Here, surely, is part of the secret of his serene security in frequent jeopardy. There is no idle pity for the wild Beduins, defrauded of the blessings of industrial citizenship; no contempt for their ignorance; no elegy for their yet unmanifested destiny. It is, in the broad sense, a cultured mind that beholds this alien life, judging without narrow censure, praising without impertinent regret; a cultured humanity which regards nothing human as of itself mean and contemptible, and into which something of the largeness of the Desert has passed, but nothing of the keen and illiberal harshness of the inhabitants thereof.

There is much we should like to mention, much we should like to quote, especially from the closing chapters of Mr. Doughty's final prolonged peril in the threatening neighbourhood of Mecca, when the narrative moves with the throbbing alarm of drums. But for this we must urge the reader to get the book. There is, we fancy, a reflection of the "spacious days" in the manner of this traveller, returning, after his sojourn of nigh two years among the all but nameless ones of the Arabian Desert, to write such a book as this, and following it in the fulness of time (to Mr. Pessimist's dismay) with a six-volume Epic of early Britain. So an adventurous Englishman of Elizabeth's days, returned from wanderings over desert seas and strife in tropic forests, would come home with a tale which yet holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner—come home to write, perhaps, from prison, with the grave rhythm of eloquent life, the solemn praise of "eloquent, just and mighty death."

MEMOIR OF LORD WANTAGE. V.C., K.C.B.

Lord Wantage. A Memoir by his Wife. (Smith Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the record of the life of a gallant high-minded gentleman—written by a no less high-minded lady, his wife—"who shared equally his toils and his triumphs."

Robert Lindsay was born in 1832 and was the son of a Guardsman, a retired Peninsular general, of the noble home of Crawford and Balcarres. His family history is rather amply sketched in the first chapter.

He joined the Scots Fusilier Guards at the age of eighteen, and in their ranks saw through the whole Crimean campaign. Five chapters are devoted to this grim experience of war, and very really are brought home to us the terrible hardships which were endured by our gallant soldiers, the result of criminal incapacity at home. At the Alma, at Inkerman, Lindsay performed a heroic part, and then took his share in the toilsome siege of Sebastopol. His letters from the Crimea, those of a subaltern of the Guards, are very graphic, very interesting, and show throughout the strong personality of the writer. While still young, Lindsay developed a decided character; a little critical, perhaps, and while beloved by his comrades, he was somewhat feared for a certain aloofness. Above all, these letters are marked by a deep religious bent of mind which influenced his whole life. He was a man of singular personal beauty.

Lindsay returned to England with his regiment, and was one of the first recipients of the Victoria Cross—the only one to be gazetted to that most desired of decorations for two acts of gallantry; one at the Alma, one at Inkerman. He received the Cross from Queen Victoria on June 27th, 1856. The Crimean letters are supplemented by an interesting review of past events, written in 1888, when Lord and Lady Wantage visited the Crimea again.

He became Equerry to the Prince of Wales (our King) soon after his return from the Crimea, and so came into the close contact with the Royal Family which lasted till his death. On November 17th, 1858, Robert Lindsay married the Honourable Harriet Jones Lloyd (the authoress), daughter of Lord Overstone, and he took the name of Lloyd-Lindsay. This marriage endowed him with a life's comrade, and with great possessions. He left the Guards at the age of twenty-seven as a Captain and Lieut.-Colonel, but he soon began soldiering again. Less than two years later he was found heart and soul committed to the Volunteer

movement, and he became Colonel of the Berkshire Volunteers, which he raised. The sketch which Lady Wantage gives us of the awakening of the nation to voluntary arms is very vivid. She describes how the year after the movement began, 20,000 volunteers marched past the Queen in Hyde Park (Lloyd-Lindsay bringing 400 Berkshire men), and how the year afterwards the force had absolutely reached the number of 160,000 men. And the expression of the national feeling which prompted the Volunteer movement is best given in the words of that eminent financier and statesman, Lord Overstone:

As to the occupation of London I cannot contemplate or trace to its conclusion such a supposition. My only answer is, *it must never be.*

It is well that we should keep those four words dinned in our ears, in days when the efficiency of the Services are liable to be endangered from desire of retrenchment.

The hero of these memoirs raised the first corps of mounted infantry in the early 'sixties from among the farmers and followers of the Pytchley Hunt. He commanded the Honourable Artillery Company in 1866, and for some subsequent years achieving many beneficial reforms, and thus, when the force came of age in 1881, he was made a K.C.B., and later became the Brigadier commanding the Volunteers of the Home Counties. But musketry became early the object of his closest attention, and Lloyd-Lindsay's name is connected with one of the most popular competitions at Wimbledon. Lord Wantage was president of the last three meetings at Wimbledon, and of the first at Bisley.

Parliament was entered in 1865, and Lloyd-Lindsay sat as one of the members for Berkshire almost continually from then till he took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Wantage of Lockinge in 1885. His peerage came as a goodly heritage, for no more truly noble-minded man has earned it. In 1877 he was Financial Secretary at the War Office, which office he held for the remainder of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry, and though he never took office again, his long Parliamentary career was full of work, and he did not limit his labours to the side which he supported. He served more than once on commissions assembled by Liberal Governments.

To the service of the Red Cross Society he gave great devotion, and himself bore relief to many thousands in 1870, at the Siege of Paris, to the Germans, outside, and to the French under Trochu defending the town, and a most interesting account is given of the adventures that he passed through. Lloyd-Lindsay earned on this occasion the lasting friendship of the Prussian Royal family. Again he took active steps for the relief of the sick and wounded in the fighting in Serbia in 1877, and in the Russo-Turkish War that followed.

But with all these public interests outside, his home life at Lockinge, the life of the country had the greatest charm for Lord Wantage. He farmed at one time 13,000 acres himself, and his stock—first Herefords, then Shorthorns, then Shire horses—gained great renown, his Shire horse, Prince William, winning the gold medal of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1894, which Lord Wantage received from Queen Victoria's hand. Lady Wantage is very happy in her pictures of Berkshire country life. These memoirs were written for private circulation only. We congratulate ourselves and the reading world that the authoress has given them to publication, so that we may have a clear insight into the character and life of one "who is a great loss, but who has been a great gain," to quote from a letter of Miss Florence Nightingale, which ends the memoirs.

LORD CROMER'S BOOK: ITS PERSONAL ASPECT

IN deference to the purely literary tradition of THE ACADEMY I will endeavour to treat this book less as the political manifesto it primarily is, than as a revelation of the writer's character, almost perhaps what it is the fashion to call a "human document."

The book is a composite work, written not all of a piece, but at various dates and in varying moods of the writer's personality—self-confident, optimistic, disappointed; petulant with opposition, angry with defeat. The predominant note is egotism, the egotism of a superior mind too intelligent for common vanity, ingenious in self-concealment, yet all-absorbing; at times passionate, even fierce. It is the work of a man who, during a long lifetime has been building up for himself a structure of enduring fame, and who finds it crumbling at the base when almost achieved. If Lord Cromer could have left Cairo two years ago, his name would have had a secure place in the rolls of honour, not only of his own country, where he is still unsuspected of failure, but of the world at large and of those Egyptians whose love he imagined he had secured. A few mistakes, the result of his own pride, have ruined that chance; and it is in the secret bitterness of a soul disappointed, so to say, of its eternity that the final touches of his self-praise have been penned.

Egotism, as a leading feature of Lord Cromer's character, all who have watched him closely and have studied his yearly Reports from Egypt with knowledge of the situation have been long aware of. Year after year they have read these monumental treatises presented to both Houses of Parliament, and have seemed to be perusing some new first chapters of the Book of Genesis, where a new earth and a new terrestrial paradise were described as being created step by step out of nothing. It was always "the Lord" describing his own work, "the Lord" seeing all that he had done, and finding "it was very good." Not that this was recorded too ostentatiously. The angels and ministers of the Lord were also praised; but they were ministers and angels only, creatures without volition and winged but to obey. Meanwhile, the exultant earth—so it seemed, as one read—leaped up in joy at its own happiness, its new life, its riches, its extreme good fortune in being the creature of so beneficent a creator. The toiling millions of the Nile Valley, one felt, were blessing Lord Cromer daily in their well-watered fields and naming him in their prayers. Egypt, whatever failures there might be found elsewhere in the British Empire—Egypt, at least, was an assured success. The *Times* spoke of it as an "Imperial asset." Lord Cromer was beyond all question the Empire's most successful son. If any doubted, were there not these, his own Reports, printed in official Blue Books, to prove it? And no one doubted. Honours were heaped on him, hereditary titles, ribbons, the Order of Merit. He was on the pinnacle of his fame. Death at that moment would have made Lord Cromer in all history immortal; even the apotheosis of that quasi-death, a self-sought official retirement, amid the united lamentations of the land that bred him and the land that he had saved. But it was not to be. At the last moment he blundered badly, and he fell. I am too generous to name once more the name that was his ruin. He fell, not visibly in the eye of his countrymen, who only yet half understand his discomfiture, but in that of the larger world, and notably of Egypt. When he returned for the last time to Cairo, in the autumn of 1906, he found a change for which he was unprepared. The inhabitants of Paradise, if they still feared him, loved him, alas! no more. It was a fact which at Cairo could not be concealed, though it was concealed from the English public. In a few months it became clear, even to official eyes at home, loath to admit it, that Lord

Cromer was a lost force for any further good he could effect upon the Nile. He had even become an encumbrance to the Empire, a spoke in the diplomatic wheel. And he retired, twelve months too late for his fame, a disappointed man.

The publication of this book, written for the most part in happier circumstances, is the result of his secret misfortune. From that point of view, as a belated last monument of self-laudation mixed with present bitterness, it is worthy of our pity. I, who do not pretend to be politically his friend, am sorry for him that he has published it. It will be received with a chorus of praise in the ignorant Press; but elsewhere it will only emphasise his lethal quarrel with the Egyptian people.

As a work of history, "Modern Egypt" is to a large extent a fraud. It is not true history at all, but a bit of special pleading by an interested and insincere pleader. It hardly pretends to have a regard for truth, other than official truth. It is a picture, painted, like the scenery of a theatre, to enhance the glory of a chief actor. There is the sombre background of a pre-Cromerian past, relieved with hardly a ray of official light. The native rulers of Egypt pass in grim procession, dimly shown, spendthrifts and fools and murderers. There is no exception to the dark costuming of their characters. Said Pasha, whose reign is still remembered by the quite old fellahin of the Delta as their "Age of Gold," a period favourably compared by them even with the present age, when the land tax stood at 40 piastres in contrast to the 160 piastres of to-day, when living was incredibly cheap and the yoke of administration sat easily on their necks, stands in Lord Cromer's pages no less lugubriously draped than the half mad but economical Abbas, or the rapacious prodigal Ismail. Short flashes, borrowed from Senior's Journals, display the viceregal incapacities and reveal their crimes. All this, however, is only a stage manager's arrangement, a contrast devised to heighten the effect of the first entry of Great Britain with Sir Evelyn Baring on the scene.

Lord Cromer (then Major Baring) arrived in Egypt in 1877, in a subordinate financial position, and remained there a short three years. This period is treated with lucidity and at length. On his own ground, finance, Lord Cromer is not open to criticism, at least by me; and this part of his book is, I do not doubt it, entirely correct. The facts were within the writer's personal knowledge, and he has no object in perverting them. One thing only I will point out, for it is in accordance with my estimate of his character. Whereas he is generous in his praise of such comparatively small official fry as Sir Gerald Fitzgerald, his French colleague, de Blignières, and Sir Auckland Colvin, who has recently adulated him in a ponderous work, he has hardly a word of acknowledgment for his only conspicuous rival in the financial rescue of Egypt, Sir Rivers Wilson. That Sir Rivers, President of the Commission of Inquiry and President of the Commission of Liquidation, was the true author of the financial system on which Lord Cromer's triumphs have since been built, is, I believe, undeniable. But in Lord Cromer's account of these two Commissions his name occurs almost without commendation. The first year of the dual control is a brief episode of light. Then Major Baring leaves Cairo for another post in India, and darkness once more descends on the Egyptian stage.

What shall I say of the account given of the Revolution of 1881-2? Here Lord Cromer, having nothing to say of his own doings, for he was absent during the whole period, and, moreover, has a purpose to serve in adopting the official version of events as his own, preserves a discreet silence, except to endorse the manifold errors of the Blue Books. Any real statement of the truth would, he doubtless felt, invalidate the foundation of legality on which the fabric of his own administrative work was later to be based. So he carefully

abstains from enquiry in any form likely to prejudice that position. As a diplomatist and a statesman this, I suppose, is fair game; but as an historian it is hardly "cricket."

I have long noticed that it is a part of Lord Cromer's habit of mind—doubtless the result of many years of the busy practical life he has led—to leave matters of the past, or present matters not directly connected with his work in hand, unexamined. I have noticed it in such cases of public interest as, living in Egypt, have been pressed on me by my Egyptian friends, and which at their request I have from time to time brought before him. I have always found him, while willing to listen, unwilling to examine. If the case happened to be one already treated, however ill, his impulse was not to reconsider it. It was enough in his judgment that it had been decided, no matter how, no matter by whom. He had no time to go back upon a *chose jugée*. This attitude of mind in an administrator is, I suppose, a necessity. He has to economise his attention. He cannot investigate things not absolutely urgent. But, as I have said, in an historian it is fatal. The *chose jugée* is precisely the thing it is his business to re-examine, and with a mind always ready to reverse a pronouncement not in accordance with better knowledge. Lord Cromer's mind is consequently quite unapt for the work of historic accuracy he has here professed to undertake. It is not history in any sense of taking real pains as to facts and telling the whole truth. Moreover, Lord Cromer is not sincere. Lord Cromer's long career at Cairo, where, working the diplomatic machinery of the "Veiled Protectorate," he was playing every day of his life a double rôle and always a feigned one, has warped his official sense of truth to the extent of making it incapable of straightforwardness. His whole atmosphere, sitting at his desk in the Kasr el Dubbara, nominally a Consul-General but in reality despotic master of Egypt, obliged by the dual character he had assumed to be at one moment responsible for everything, at the next devoid of authority, was one necessarily of make-believe. He could not, if he tried it, at the end of twenty years, divest his mind of unreality. And so it is in his book.

His account of the Revolution is wholly without desire to know or make known the reality. He never, in any instance, except once, where, following my lead, he saddles France with the responsibility of the "Joint Note," tries to come to grips with facts. He repeats sophisms he knows well to be untrue, because, to tell the truth would be untimely, indiscreet, injurious to the diplomatic make-believe on which England's position in Egypt and his own has for a generation rested. He knew, while he was writing, that to investigate the obscure intrigues of the years in question would, in the first place, occupy a vast deal of his valuable time, and in the second place, run for him a risk of having to remould, if he disclosed it, the diplomatic basis of his life. Therefore, he did not examine native evidence or call witness in any quarter where he would be likely to learn a new and tiresome truth. He preferred to take the official version as it stood. This, I repeat, is not a method of history. Historically "Modern Egypt" is an imposture.

Still less pardonable, it seems to me, is the petulant anger shown by him in a series of acid little notes appended quite recently to his original text, directed against my own work, "A Secret History of the Occupation of Egypt," where I have followed a method the reverse of his own. Enjoying, as he did not, unbounded leisure, and living in native Egyptian society—especially the society of those who had taken part in the revolution—I had for twenty years and more been collecting my materials of knowledge. I had at my elbow as my fellow labourer in the work the one man, a Moslem, in all Egypt with the most critical, the most judicious mind, as Lord Cromer himself acknowledges, the late Grand Mufti, Sheykh

Mohammed Abdu. Moreover, I was myself a free man, under no obligation to silence, either private or official, and with no other inducement to write except as a contribution to knowledge of the time. Whatever, then, may have been my original disqualification for an historic task—and Lord Cromer, forgetful of his own short trespass into the temple of the Muse, seems to think, with Mr. Moberly Bell, that poetry is a disqualification—I had advantages in writing of the period he could not really pretend to. His own narrative, though published to-day, was manifestly written no few years ago, certainly before the appearance of my own, and the publication of my history seems to have annoyed him. My novel presentment, drawn from native sources, of the Egyptian revolutionary case, was necessarily in contradiction of his conventional official one; and I imagine that the chief reason of his annoyance was the trouble it gave him by obliging him to some extent to reconsider, in light of it, the story he had told. It was, however, too late for him any longer to examine the native evidence he had neglected to consult during his official career. Sheykh Mohammed Abdu was dead, and he himself had left Cairo; nor was there means for him of rebutting the evidence I had got together other than a petulant denial. The result seems to have been a loss of temper, displaying itself in these notes. They are little stiletto thrusts, where the assailant, unable to bring matters to an issue face to face, seeks to discredit a rival narrator and political opponent by a side attack and dishonourable charges.

It is really astonishing that Lord Cromer, a man so high placed in the world's eye, should have condescended to such methods. I will give an instance. At page 255 of Lord Cromer's book it is recorded that, in January, 1882, I acted, at Sir Edward Malet's request, as intermediary for him with the Nationalists. The incident stands in my own book, where the true account is given of what took place between me and the Nationalist deputies, members of their new Assembly. It was a question between one party which claimed to vote the Budget, and another party which, under Sir Edward Malet's and Sir Auckland Colvin's pressure, were for yielding the right. There was no question whatever of the army in the case, nor was there a word said about their relations with it in my discussion with them. Yet Lord Cromer, after quoting my book, has the ill-faith to remark: "The selection (of Mr. Blunt as intermediary) was an unfortunate one He advised the Nationalists to hold to the army or they would be 'annexed to Europe.'" Now this plainly implies that I betrayed the trust reposed in me by Sir Edward Malet, and that my book shows that I had done so. The ill-faith consists in applying to this occasion, where I was acting as intermediary, words which, on a quite different occasion and under quite different circumstances, four months later, and when I had long ceased to be Malet's intermediary, I telegraphed from England. I put it plainly to Lord Cromer here: Is this fair dealing in any sense, either as a controversialist or an historian, or simply as an honourable man?

Some half dozen other little treacheries, not quite so bad perhaps as this one, are scattered over Lord Cromer's record of the Revolution, with all of which I am ready to deal seriatim when the occasion serves. But for the moment I content myself with this one. It will suffice to show that the estimate of Lord Cromer's as a calm, deliberate mind, incapable of other than straightforward dealing, and as such the mind of a reliable historian, is the reverse of true. I have still much to say upon this head, and upon the more interesting revelations of character contained in the later sections of the book. But for to-day this must suffice. I hope to renew my criticism of "Modern Egypt" in a later number of THE ACADEMY.

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

THE BOOKLOVERS' MECCA

LONDON, which is a city of multitudinous memories, contains many centres of attraction, and he must be a dull and unimaginative being who is slow to perceive the romance of Westminster Abbey or the dark and sombre mystery of the Tower. The emotions aroused by these great buildings, however, are charged with an intensity too awful for the more commonplace moments of life. I suppose that for each one of us there is some little spot of London soil—some church, perhaps, or dingy thoroughfare—that we cherish for reasons quite individual and peculiar. To meditative minds the Charing Cross Road holds associations which the more historic parts of London fail to supply. For it is here that the second-hand bookseller plies his ancient and honourable trade.

We hunt the sweet berry
With purple-stained ardour;
Each bramble one books in
Is bent 'neath its load:
It's free and it's merry
In Nature's rich larder—
But O! to hunt books in
The Charing Cross Road!

So sings Mr. E. V. Lucas, in a pleasant poem of anticipations, and I, for one, am whole-heartedly with the genial author of "Fireside and Sunshine" in this matter. For I reckon an afternoon's adventures among the London bookstalls as among the chief joys of existence.

The second-hand bookseller has not escaped the leavening influence of democracy. He has surrendered quietude and distinction for (I hope) an increase of trade. But the old aristocratic seclusion which belonged to him in a former time he can no longer claim. He shares his newly-found habitat with publishers and pickle-makers.

Yet something of the splendid tradition of a former age still lingers round his new home. After all, no mere change of place or circumstance can avail to destroy the romance of his trade. The long line of books which temptingly awaits your inspection outside his shop awakens a thousand memories, desires, conjectures. From what dismantled library has come this gorgeously-bound edition of the letters and poems of Gray? This small, well-worn "De Imitatione Christi," each page of which is scored all over with pencil notes—how came it here? Meditatively one turns over the volumes, rejecting that, lingering for a moment over this. Here is one with a book-plate. "*Ex Libris*—" You start as you recognise the name of a distinguished author, one whose works are familiar on your own bookshelves. And this man, whom, not knowing, you have loved and venerated, could sell his Lamb like any common huckster! Hardly can you believe in the possibility of such sacrilege.

You toss contemptuously aside a handful of modern novels. But here is a book which arrests your attention—"Companions of my Solitude." It is the second edition, published in 1851, and printed with the old-fashioned "s's"—surely one of the last of its kind. You have, perhaps, a liking for these early Victorian writers, and you are prepared to make the bookseller a reasonable offer. He anticipates you by asking ninepence. Oh, Arthur Helps! Arthur Helps! How are the mighty fallen!

I remember coming across a volume of stray verses in one of these Charing Cross Road shops. The verses themselves were of no intrinsic value—Heaven forgive me, for the man is a friend of mine!—but the book contained on the fly-leaf, the autograph of Lionel Johnson. I cheerfully paid the half-crown demanded, and carried my treasure home with feelings of heartfelt satisfaction. I had saved it from other, and perhaps profaner hands.

If, though no book-lover yourself, you are in search of new experiences, you could hardly do better than visit a few of these shops one afternoon. An interested spectator of the great human comedy will find much to engage his attention. The best time is about five o'clock—or, if the day happens to be Saturday, a little earlier—for it is then that book-buyers most do congregate.

It is a heterogeneous assemblage. You may easily distinguish the born bookworm, however, by a slight stoop of the shoulder, and by his manner in handling books. He approaches each volume with a certain reverence, as well knowing the homage that is due to these emperors of the mind. While others, after a casual and careless glance, pass quickly by, he is content to linger, for an hour or more if need be. The young man intent on forming a library after the approved pattern of an Avebury or an Acton is less patient. He snatches eagerly at some coveted volume—a Green's "Short History," perhaps—for the possession of which he is quite willing to barter his last half-crown. The clergyman in search of theological literature is a frequent visitor. Then there is the professional student, the man of many books. His pockets bulge with them, and he carries them under his arm. He is perhaps the most popular of all customers with the second-hand bookseller, for there is always something that he wants.

If you have not been too absorbed in watching the *clientèle* of the bookstall, you will have learned by now something about the books themselves. You find, for instance, that Mr. Kipling's novels are in great demand, particularly those in the old blue edition. Just inside some of the shops there are small book-cases with about four shelves, and you find a certain incongruity in the fact that on one of these shelves Miss Marie Corelli's "Barabbas" is placed next to George Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways." Yet, even while you reflect on this strange juxtaposition, "Barabbas" is sold and "Diana" remains. Historical books and memoirs—particularly if recently published—appear to fetch good prices. Poetry, I fear, is a drug in the market, though Mr. Swinburne still manfully holds his own. First editions of Stephen Phillips, for which a year or two ago you had to pay two and sometimes three guineas, can now be purchased for a mere song. A half-crown will buy you a "Herod." Of theological works there is a great variety, and they are all cheap. Not so books of travel, which, for some reason or other, still retain their ancient popularity. The great English classics may, it seems, be obtained at a trifling cost, and even early editions are, as a rule, not expensive. The growth of the reprint and the coming of "Everyman's Library" have tended to cheapen prices. They have also, I am afraid, tended to lessen the traditional respect for literature. For, as Ruskin long since pointed out, it is a distinguishing characteristic of human nature that it values only those things that it has been at some sacrifice to obtain.

Personally, I am no bibliomaniac, and I buy books in order to read them, but I have no use for the modern reprint. I would not surrender my "Aids to Reflection"—it is the fourth edition—in its two small octavo volumes bound in dark green boards for the most gorgeously-produced edition of this year of grace 1908. There is an aristocratic stateliness and charm about these older volumes which is wholly lacking in their successors. The spirit of the author still lingers in their pages. It is an intellectual delight to pick up some Pickering volume, for instance, with the publisher's advertisements facing the fly-leaf, or some volume of eighteenth-century verse, with Stothard's or Westall's engravings. As for the reprint, it is a mere parvenu in the world of books.

The theme, however, though tempting, is of the nature of a digression. Perhaps, after all, it is the human aspect of the question which is of the greatest and most permanent interest. Even the dingy book-stall is not without its tragedies. I remember, some years ago, entering a second-hand bookshop not far from one of the great London railway stations, when my attention was arrested by the sight of a small, shabbily-dressed man who was at that moment leaving the shop. He reminded me strangely of Watts's portrait of John Stuart Mill, and there was a certain look in his eyes that haunted me for days.

The bookseller turned to me: "An old customer of mine, sir," he remarked. "He's taken to selling his books lately, though—I don't know why."

T. MICHAEL POPE.

FIRST AID TO LISTENERS

It is an age in which little problems are continually being set for music-loving people to solve. No sooner is the problem set than we are supplied with a ready-made crib, and generally more than one, to the answer.

The latest problem has been the music of Debussy. We had a short time in which to toy with it. We listened to a single orchestral piece by him, "*L'après-midi d'un faune*," a few piano pieces, an occasional song; the most enterprising of our educational centres, the Royal College of Music, introduced us to his string quartet. Soon, however, Queen's Hall would allow us no longer respite. M. Claude Debussy was summoned to conduct his own work here in London and to let us hear what he is really worth. He came on February 1st, we both saw and heard; we took our little problem home to ruminate thereon, and lo! upon the table lay a little book, "*Living Masters of Music: Claude Achille Debussy*," was inscribed upon its cover. It was the ready-made crib which Mr. Lane put into our hands at the moment that the Queen's Hall Orchestra set us our examination paper. We need not be superior to the use of a crib, but we do demand that it should be an efficient one. To test this we must see clearly what it is that the listener to Debussy's music needs to be told. He cannot hear "*L'après-midi d'un faune*" and the three symphonic sketches, "*La mer*," played in succession, as they were on February 1st, without realising that their composer is working in a different medium to that in which other music has been moulded. Something in his system of combining sounds is new. Here is "something rich and strange," to which we only hesitate to give the name of beauty till we can do so with complete knowledge. That it is the outcome of a mind full of fantastic imaginings is certain, and the composer knows so well how to handle his peculiar idiom that he easily carries his hearers with him and makes them share his visions in virtue of the actual sound of his music. For although he gives titles and descriptions to accompany his works, yet one does not need the poem of Mallarmé to see the pictures which "*L'après-midi d'un faune*" brings before one, nor do the titles of the three sea pieces add much to their meaning. The newcomer to Debussy's music feels all this even if he does not grasp it mentally, but if he rebels against the hypnotic condition into which the music lures him, and determines, as it were, to look it in the face and to know how its composer works, and what this strange medium of expression actually is, his difficulties begin and he turns to the crib for help.

There seemed hope that Mrs. Franz Liebich, the author of this book, would shed some light here in a chapter headed "*Modus operandi*." She begins by telling us that when M. Debussy was serving his term of military service he "took great delight in listening

to the overtones of bugles and bells." She then sets forth the table of overtones generated by the note CC up to the 16th harmonic, and goes on to say that "the seventh harmonic (B flat) is about the limit of exploited intervals used by most contemporary composers." The inference, then, is that Debussy's music is specially concerned with the treatment of the upper harmonics (8 to 16) as consonances with the generating note and each other. Such an idea seems to demand a certain amount of demonstration and to merit at least one definite illustration. But Mrs. Liebich passes it by with merely this sketchy suggestion. Does she mean that Debussy's music is founded upon a system of just temperament, for only so can the notes of the upper harmonics be used? Even the seventh harmonic, which she calls B flat, is no such thing, and, as a matter of fact, has been discarded quite definitely from the musical scale. Having waded through this somewhat elaborate display of explanation, it seems to amount to no more than this, that, as a young man, Debussy cultivated his naturally acute sense of hearing by listening to the upper partials of bugles and bells and that they served to make him familiar with unusual sound combinations; we are given no evidence that he has evolved a definite harmonic system from them, or that he consciously builds upon them. After this disappointment one welcomes the practical point which Mrs. Liebich makes when she speaks of Debussy's use of scales other than those of the major and minor modes. The listener soon notices that Debussy's avoidance of the diatonic semitone, the progression of leading-note to tonic, is responsible for at least half of the effects which give him new sensations in hearing this music. Mrs. Liebich tells us that Debussy's scales are founded on the ecclesiastical modes, especially the Dorian and Mixolydian. Again, we should like confirmation of the statement by example; for each one of the modes contains the diatonic semitone twice in the octave, and the peculiarity of Debussy's melodies often is that they are composed upon a scale of whole tones only. The weakness of Mrs. Liebich's book is a not uncommon one with writers on music, a certain objection to coming to close quarters with the facts of the subject. She is much happier in drawing an analogy between Debussy's standpoint and the theories of the impressionist school of painters than in dealing with these questions of musical technique, overtones, scales and so forth. Finally, she brushes aside with some impatience "theoretical ideas and formulas lending themselves willingly to the scalpel of analysis" (a phrase of which she seems fond), and triumphantly produces half a sentence of Browning to cover her retreat:

a flash of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws.

From the description of individual works perhaps the novice will get a little more help than from the "*Modus operandi*" chapter, especially when the themes are quoted. But still some extraordinary sentences baffle an ordinary intelligence. What, for instance, does this mean?

The frequent recurrence of the ternary arabesque, which is a favourite device of the composer, gives the printed score a likeness to the art of the goldsmith.

Perhaps if an example of the "ternary arabesque" were given (the term as applied to music is surely the invention of the author) we could perceive this likeness.

If there be any use in writing about composers who are yet hardly at the height of their powers, it must be that the writing is the work of one who sees straight and sees deeply and so can help others to do so. Having read this book from cover to cover we come back to our problem with but little fresh light upon it. It amounts to this: What does Debussy add to our

musical language? We have noted his use of a strange scale. That is, after all, little more than a formula, which, when we get used to it, may prove to be only a mannerism. A much more valuable contribution is his delicate perception of the appropriate use of dynamic force and balance of tone. It is probable that for all its new sound there are not in Debussy's music many actual cases of chords and progressions never used before, but he makes us hear them as new by his way of carefully adjusting the balance between their various sounds, and insisting upon them by repetition, keeping the tone always subdued when the movement is complex, and only rising to *fortissimo* to achieve a climax, never so as to obscure the actual musical progression. He therefore gives us a better chance of assimilating his music than do many modern composers, who rush through the most eventful passages with an almost brutal torrent of tone. If Mrs. Liebich had emphasised these and other salient qualities her little book would have been more useful to musicians. As it is, her desultory description may give to the casual reader some idea of the composer's personality, which the quotations of his own words about music will make more definite.

H. C. C.

TANTÆNE ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ?

ANGER may not be, probably is not, the most fruitful source of inspiration for literary art, but to deny that it is and has always been one of the most powerful incentives to the poet and the prose-writer would be to fly in the face of all history. There is a Divine wrath as well as a Divine love, and if human love is always, however faintly and dimly, in a greater or less degree a reflection of Divine love, so also there is a human anger which is a reflection of Divine anger. Not always so, of course; there is an anger which may be a remote or even a close reflection of the Infernal Rage, but it is not of that form of passion which I now propose to speak. For the purposes of this article I will take anger to signify the passion which inspires those who feel injustice and oppression or of those who revolt against ignorance and wickedness and stupidity, or what they firmly and steadfastly believe to be ignorance and wickedness and stupidity. It is important to note, in passing, that those inspired by this "noble rage" may really be quite wrong (as far as we can ever assert that anyone is quite wrong), and yet, provided their emotion of indignation is a genuine one, they will derive the same inspiration from it as if they were right. Milton was, broadly speaking, from my point of view, quite wrong about everything except poetry: he lived for the greater part of his life more or less in a state of indignation and scorn and contempt, and, as it happened, his indignation and scorn and contempt were (as I judge it) completely and tragically mis-directed, and yet, as they were real and not feigned, they gave him the most superb inspiration. One reads, for example, his magnificent sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints," and one remembers that Milton was one of the most powerful influences thrown into the scale in favour of Protestantism, and of the body and soul-destroying "Puritanism," falsely so called, which was to seize on this country with so deadly a grip; one remembers that he admired and revered the arch-scoundrel Cromwell, who may justly be said to have laid the foundations of that detestation of personal liberty which is rapidly become our national characteristic; and, in spite of one's hatred of his views and one's scorn of his sophistries, one accepts his sonnet as one of the finest

sonnets ever written in the English language. Rage and scorn and contempt produced in Shelley's case on the one hand one of his most perfect and noble poems, "Adonais," and on the other hand inspired his violent anti-Christian and atheistic writing. In the one case he was right, in the other he was wrong, but there was no difference in the splendour of his writing. "Prometheus Unbound" is as fine as "Adonais." How much anger was there behind the inspiration of Dante, of Shakespeare, of Plato, and how much behind that of Blake, of Keats, and of Mr. Swinburne? Let everyone examine the proposition for himself, it is not necessary to labour the point. I maintain that it is an absolutely indisputable fact that anger is an essential part of all great inspiration. The love of the beautiful implies the hatred of the ugly, admiration for the fine involves contempt for the mean. A man or a woman who is incapable of anger and who does not often feel the emotion of anger will never write a really fine poem or a really great book. I need hardly point out that I do not wish to suggest that a man of genius should go through life in a perpetual state of bad temper, the anger I refer to has nothing to do with temper, it may and does coincide with the suavest manners and the most courteous demeanour in the ordinary relations of life. What I say is that genius or any kind of creative ability in literature cannot exist without occasional anger. The only superior human beings who are justified in never feeling anger are those who have so far abstracted themselves from earthly things as to have become saints. But saints do not produce works of pure art after they have become saints, though they may do so during the process of achieving saintliness. Leaving saints aside and coming down with a thud to very earthly regions, I will illustrate my point by saying that a man who edits a party newspaper cannot do it well unless he is capable of feeling anger against those who are opposed to the policy of his party. There have been a great many reasons and explanations advanced as to the causes which brought about the recent disastrous failure of a certain Liberal daily paper (there is no mystery, I mean the *Tribune*), but I will venture to give it as my firm opinion that the reason why this Liberal daily paper came to grief was the very simple one that the editor of the paper was a convinced Conservative. It is notorious that, when Mr. Pryor left the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* to take up the editorship of the *Tribune*, his colleagues on the paper he had left and those on the staffs of the Conservative organs, the *Daily Express* and *Standard*, gave him a dinner of congratulation. There was no concealment about it, it was reported in all the papers, and nobody seemed to be the least surprised. To me it has always appeared one of the most amazing pieces of cynicism that has been recorded in recent history. Not, let me hasten to add, on the part of Mr. Pryor, whose ability is as conspicuous as his integrity, and who went as near to achieving an impossible task in the editorship of the *Tribune* as any man could go unassisted by potential anger. The cynicism was on the part of those who took it for granted that a man's private convictions could be successfully made subservient to the ends of those who employed him, to the extent of putting him into a position where it was part of his plain duty to express disapproval, and occasionally contempt, for that which he really admired and approved. I have more than half a suspicion that a similar lack of conviction lies behind what I take leave to call the obvious decline in the excellence of the *Westminster Gazette*. Here, however, I have no facts to go upon, I merely record my own impressions for what they are worth. When I read the *Westminster Gazette* on Mr. McKenna's Education Bill, when I find it quoting with professions of admiration and joy the

amazing nonsense propounded from time to time by Canon Hensley Henson, I sigh and refer to my copy of "The Comments of Bagshot." Either Mr. Spender does not really agree with the opinions on these subjects expressed in the *Westminster Gazette* or he is a dual personality. Jekyll wrote "The Comments of Bagshot," and Hyde edits the *Westminster Gazette*. But I am getting away from my point, and I will state it again in other terms by saying that without liability to anger there can be no real sincerity; and here it will, no doubt, begin to dawn on my readers that this article is somewhat in the nature of a personal explanation, or I should say, more properly, an editorial explanation. THE ACADEMY has been reproached because its editorial notes have an "acid" flavour. We, to speak editorially in the names of myself and my contributors, do not deny the soft impeachment. It is no surprise to us to find that people whose whole attitude of mind is diametrically opposed to our own disapprove of the "tone" of our notes. We are resigned to that and have even listened, with what meekness we can muster, to the eternal boredom of those references to "the old *Saturday Review*," with which our "elders and betters" are wont to chasten our ardours. (By the way, "the old *Saturday Review*" was not exactly made up of treacle and soft soap, if we are rightly informed.) Know then, all men by these presents that if the notes in THE ACADEMY are sometimes "acid" it is because they are the gratuitous work of men who have real convictions on certain subjects, of men who write, not for money or even for honour and glory (since they are anonymous), but for the love of literature and for the love of what they hold to be the finer things of life. This, and not any desire to "show off" or to indulge in what schoolboys call "scores," accounts for the occasional "acidity" complained of. "The young men who do the notes for THE ACADEMY," as the *Daily Mail* would call us (some of us have grey hair or bald heads, but if you write notes you are always young), plead guilty to the indictment that they do sometimes feel indignation and anger; and I have endeavoured to explain, I hope successfully, my conviction that to do good work in any department of literature from the highest to the most humble there must be in its producers, co-existent with the bread of enthusiasm, the salt of anger. Of course, it would be easy enough to get rid of the "acidity" complained of. A few professional journalists of conveniently unsettled convictions, at so much a line, would do the trick in no time. A weekly supply of "crisp, pithy pars," such as would satisfy the souls of those who object to our present notes, would, no doubt, be rich in valuable results. We can even see in our mind's eye the happy day when, under their soothing influence, "Dr." Clifford, "Dr." Campbell, and Mr. Hall Caine would become subscribers to THE ACADEMY, and when we should enjoy the felicity of being called "broad-minded" and "tolerant," and the like by people of their intellectual calibre. But this picture does not allure us, and we venture to think that it would be equally abhorrent to the vast majority of our largely-increased body of readers. These may rest assured that as long as THE ACADEMY remains under its present editorship there will be no timid "climbing down," no surrender to the milk-and-watery conventionality of those who are afraid of good, plain English, and who are for ever telling us that Mr. So-and-So doesn't like this, that Mr. Such-and-Such can't understand why we do that, and that Mrs. Somebody Else thinks it such a pity that we do t'other thing. If THE ACADEMY, which is at present the only uncommercial paper in London, is to survive, those who write in its columns will continue to write as they have written before, without fear or

favour; if on the other hand it is to go under, it will go down, "acidity" and all, with the flag nailed to the mast. The people of this country have the sort of journalism they deserve. If they want wash and gush and log-rolling and "broad-mindedness" and "tolerance" and all the other humbugging cant of the average newspaper they can have it from a thousand sources; but if, on the other hand, they want decent, clean-literary journalism, written with sincerity and conviction for the love and glory of literature and the fine things of life, they can have that too. My belief is that they do want it, or rather that there are a sufficient number of people in this country to supply the comparatively limited circulation which is all that is desired or hoped for by THE ACADEMY. If I am given fair play and a little necessary time, I hope to prove it.

A. D.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

In the Track of R. L. Stevenson and Elsewhere in Old France. By J. A. HAMMERTON. (J. W. Arrow-smith, 6s.)

THE maker of books who invites his readers to travel with him over the ground that Robert Louis Stevenson has described in his "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes" must have either a high sense of his own merit or a very low sense of humour not to see the obvious innuendo which such a travelling must raise. Neither the merits nor the humour of Mr. Hammerton are very striking; in fact, this book gives us the impression that Stevenson's tour was made through a mightily uninteresting country, whereas we had previously believed it to be of surpassing interest, such was the glamour that the original "Travels" had cast around it all. And the humour, too, is not of a kind to appeal to us, if the calling of the sacred images of the Roman Catholic churches he visited dolls and idols be taken as a sample.

In reality just about half the book has to do with Stevenson's country, and of the rest a small portion is taken up with the ground immortalised by that great writer, Mr. S. R. Crockett, for whom we fear Mr. Hammerton has as great a regard as he has for Stevenson; another bit is given to Tarascon and Daudet. In this way much quotation ekes out the book.

But, after all, Mr. Hammerton is quite a capable journalist, and when he keeps himself to such subjects as "Round about a French Fair," his writing should make quite entertaining reading in a Protestant Sunday magazine. Where, however, a little knowledge is necessary, he gets himself into difficulties; and so the last chapter, on "The Palace of the Angels"—that is, Mont St. Michel—contains some curious passages and astounding information. He says:

There is not a single buttress, not a window, not an arch, not a pillar, that does not discharge some duty, and the removal of which would not weaken in some degree a part of the scheme.

And further on:

It is beautiful beyond description, and yet we may be certain that its builders never thought of mere beauty in its construction, but built purely to meet the exigencies of the situation, and to provide the best possible accommodation for the inhabitants of the monastery and their dependants. As one writer has put it, "the beauty just happened." It is only when we find builders striving after effect that we are face to face with decadent art.

Such folly is pathetic. One would have thought that, face to face with the beauties of Mont St. Michel, even gross ignorance might have yielded to commonsense.

Shelley's Letters to Elizabeth Hitchener. Edited by BERTRAM DOBELL. (Dobell, 5s. net.)

To Field Place, a country house in Sussex, at the beginning of last century, when the landed gentry were even more rigorously elect and respectable than they are to-day, a young man returned from Univer-

sity College, Oxford. He returned under a cloud. He had been "sent down" for holding opinions contrary to the welfare of the Church. For he thought and declared the God in which the Church and State would have men believe, did not exist. He was not at all ashamed of these opinions, but vented them on principle whenever occasion offered, and he was a veritable thorn in the side of the county magnates. Small wonder, then, that he did not stay long in their midst, but preferred to take lonely journeys into Wales. He stayed long enough, however, to make the acquaintance of a strange woman who kept a school in the neighbourhood, and he persisted, in spite of his family's position in the county, to treat this woman not only as a friend but as an equal. He was quite blind to the importance of social distinctions, and to the advantages of birth and breeding. The woman was older than he, and in the opinion of the county, who could judge a woman as well as they could judge a horse, and on much the same lines, she was not at all exceptional. Such is the background, as it were, to the story of Shelley's devotion to Miss Elizabeth Hitchener. This book contains the letters which he wrote. Though we feel under an obligation to Mr. Dobell for publishing them in their entirety, for the delightful format of the book, and for the valuable notes which he has appended, we are not able to agree with his judgment of the letters. He describes them as "effusions of overbubbling sentimentality and affected emotion," which were chiefly inspired by the high-flown novels of the time. No man even in his youth felt more sincerely and more deeply than Shelley. No one cared so intensely for the truth. To what he considered the truth he was content to sacrifice everything. In these letters Shelley is giving expression to the truths which he felt so keenly, that the final effort to express them made him a supreme poet. They tell how he, at the age of twenty, went with Harriet, his wife, to Ireland to stir up in the Irish the spirit of freedom; they show his hatred of oppression and of injustice; and his belief in human nature, when unstifled by custom. That faith never left him though he often experienced what is known as disillusion: and in this unwavering constancy lies the inspiration of his life. Though he suffered as only a man like Shelley can suffer, he never became bitter, he never lost his power of joy, his brave gladness. These letters make one realise that the poem of his life was as beautiful as his own most beautiful song, and as sincere and true.

The Man Eaters of Tsavo. By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. PATTERSON, D.S.O. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net.)

If half the travellers' tales of this or any other age had the fascination of this simple story, the term would never have become a reproach. It has not fallen to the lot of many men to be the subject of a hymn of worship, extolling their bravery as that of a saviour. To fewer still, we should think, has come such an honour on such good grounds; and when to these distinctions Colonel Patterson adds that of telling the story without a trace of self-consciousness, and without the smallest touch of boastfulness, he may indeed be counted fortunate among men. The skill and nerve of the sportsman, resource, and modesty are, it is true, attributes which we are fond, not without reason, of regarding as the characteristics of our Empire builders; but it is not often that we are given the opportunity of appreciating their presence in one individual through the unconscious medium of himself.

After all, it was his beloved Tsavo bridge that filled Colonel Patterson's mind. It is as much upon the trials and humours of its building that he lingers as upon the grim excitement of his campaign against the disturbers of the peace of his encampments. But it is

this very unconsciousness that brings into strong relief the ghastly strain that must have been imposed upon every soul in those beast-beleaguered tents. And the flashes of humour that betray us to an unexpected smile, even in the midst of the excitement of a chase which is not one-sided, give us a vision of that happy, enduring patience which Africa, above all continents, seems to develop in her tamers.

There is tragedy in the story too. Apart from the grim tale of coolie victims claimed by the man-eaters, the ghastly deaths of Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Ryall, and of the poor gun-boy, Bhoota, are recounted with telling simplicity. Indeed, it is the artlessness, the lack of "style," which gives this book its force, and lifts it from the level of mere romance to that of living truth. One feels in reading that this was as it is written, and from between the lines emerges what is not written—that the personal factor bulked large in the turn of events.

We should like to quote much, but there is one sentence which must be quoted, and which should serve to emphasise the first essential of true sportsmanship.

Much as I should have liked to have added a giraffe to my collection of trophies, I left them undisturbed, as I think it a pity to shoot these rather rare and very harmless creatures, unless one is required for a special purpose.

Colonel Patterson used his camera instead of his rifle, and the charming picture he gives us is a far more telling result than any trophy could have been.

The pictures in the book are a special delight. There is one on almost every page, and they form a running commentary upon the text, which enables the least informed of readers to visualise each succeeding scene in the story. Incidents, comparatively unimportant in themselves, become essential parts of the background before which the story moves. And from cover to cover the fascination of the narrative holds, not only for a single reading, but many times over.

FICTION

Imperial Brown of Brixton. By REGINALD TURNER. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

MR. REGINALD TURNER is a well-known writer who has produced many novels that have attracted a great deal of attention, and have won him a host of admirers. But in his latest work he has forsaken the novel of manners and has produced instead a work of pure humour. How successful he has been will be seen at once when we say that no more amusing book of this kind has appeared since R. L. Stevenson gave us "The Wrong Box." From beginning to end of "Imperial Brown of Brixton" the reader is kept in a constant roar of laughter, and if at times the hero seems to be getting into steep places, Mr. Turner quickly extricates him, and the method of extrication only adds to our amusement.

Imperial Brown is an assistant at the Brixton Emporium, and he is sick of it—"sick of putting the feet of socks round men's clenched fists, a proceeding he had never been able to see the logic of, though he did it just as a doubting priest may minister the rite of baptism"; his ambition has always been to see the world, and now at last a fortunate legacy makes it possible. He lands with his two bags and his "wee mercy" at Mouleville, a watering place on the north coast of France, which seems to be Dieppe with a spice of Boulogne thrown in. At first he mixes almost entirely with English people, and stays at a hotel with an English landlord—who, by the way, is one of the gems of the book. But he soon tires of it all, and longs to probe the mysteries of French life: and he has not long to wait, for he falls into the clutches of an

English guide, who introduces him into the circle of a band of French criminals, under the pretence that they are impoverished aristocrats. He is induced to believe that he has joined a society of conspirators to restore Prince Louis Napoleon to power. He is fleeced first one way and then another, any excuse being good enough for the innocent Brown. Now he is helping the party with funds, now paying an exorbitant price for an inferior room under the belief that it was the bedroom of the great Napoleon; but he jibs at last, but not till he has been induced to fly from Mouleville in disguise, under the idea that he is the exact image of Louis Napoleon. His adventures are most thrilling, and at the same time most farcical, and at one time they seem likely to end in prison, for the whole gang, including poor Brown, are arrested on a charge of burglary. How it all ends Mr. Turner must be left to tell himself.

The book contains many real characters, who in themselves are far from being farcical. Brown himself is a most interesting person, for whom no one can help having a real feeling of affection. Nor is he so foolish as might be thought; to him it is all a new world, for his knowledge and his experience are limited by his Brixton horizon. And herein lies the brilliance of Mr. Turner's conception, the mirth is almost entirely produced by the situations, while the interest in the story is maintained by the hold that the different characters have on the imagination of the reader.

Among the chief of these characters is "the lady of the Casino," whom Mr. Turner has drawn with great cleverness, and almost touched with tragedy, and there is pathos, too, about the story of the disreputable guide, Duveen. They belong to a gallery of portraits that was begun by the late Bret Harte. To these must be added that most amusing person the landlord of the Hôtel des Deux Globes. He is a gem of the first water, and to have met him in real life would have been a pure joy. Mr. Turner is to be warmly congratulated on a most delightful book.

The Queen's Friend. By HELENE VACARESCO. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE author of this book has been decidedly unfortunate in the form in which she has cast her matter. She is a poet, pre-eminently. We have never known a poet who could write a novel of any merit, though we remember several who have tried and failed. The rapture of a poet of distinction cannot last through the manual labour involved in padding out his expression of it into a requisite and necessary eighty to ninety thousand words. There are passages of great beauty in "The Queen's Friend"—the title, by the way, is hardly justified—but there is no sustained exaltation. The author touches the heights of the sublime, only to trip and fall back into the mud of the almost ridiculous. And her movement is too slow: it is only somewhere about the hundredth page that interest in the characters is awakened, though there is in the preceding chapters much to delight the senses. The character-drawing is remarkably good on the whole, though here again there are lapses that seem due mainly to the author's boredom. The picture of the life of the English household, in particular, is well done. We wish that his relations with his Roumanian wife had been shown from a more intimate standpoint, and with greater detail. On the cover of the book the publisher informs the public that: "The close friendship between the Queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, and Hélène Vacaresco is well known, and also the romance of the projected marriage between the young poet and the royal prince of Roumania. This project was abandoned for State reasons, but it created an idyllic

and legendary atmosphere round the author." We sincerely hope that neither this nor the blatant advertisement which precedes and follows it will deter anyone from reading the novel. Apart from its poetic qualities and in spite of its many deficiencies, it has great charm. The picture of Roumanian life and scenery, drawn as it is from first hand knowledge, cannot fail to attract English readers.

The Anchorage. By W. H. KOEBEL. (Francis Griffiths, 6s.)

WE are afraid Mr. Koebel's book has been written too late to attain the success it deserves. It is too quiet for a twentieth-century reading public, which clamours for incident at any price and at least one chapter over which it is necessary to draw a veil. The author of "The Anchorage" tells his story with all the slowness and deliberation of the old three-volume novel. Nothing will induce him to hurry. His method suggests a football match at which the opposing teams have lined up and are waiting for the referee. The match is to last, say, only an hour, and it is thirty minutes before he arrives. Mr. Koebel, however, does, as it were, in the half hour of anxious waiting show you one player breaking away from the line and having a shot at goal with a practice-ball. And when the match really starts, though the play is very gentlemanly and keen and quiet, he describes the contest with great care. Nothing escapes him. Even when a player's shirt bursts open at the neck, he notes the fact and the incident occasioning it with meticulous accuracy and a wealth of detail. . . . But perhaps our metaphor is a little unfair to Mr. Koebel, for he is never dull and prosaic. Our only complaint is that in his description of New Zealand life his descriptions have never quite the breeziness of, say, Mr. Way Elkington's "Adrift in New Zealand." He has not the power to transport us from the desk's dead wood to the shade of the living tree. On the other hand, he is a more dispassionate observer. Mr. Elkington is a vagabond—a splendid vagabond. Mr. Koebel is not so satisfied to make his bed on the hillside, with the stars for quilt and the heather for couch; and therefore he sees life in more varied aspects, and if he has not Mr. Elkington's descriptive charm, he is more trustworthy. In his picture of the man who finds anchorage in the New Zealand farm in which most of the action centres, he shows acute insight into and knowledge of human nature. "The Anchorage" is decidedly a book to read.

The Golden Horseshoe. By ROBERT AITKEN. (Greening, 6s.)

TO those who love to sit by the hearth and fire their blood with tales of wild and dashing adventure, we strongly recommend "The Golden Horseshoe." There is not a dull page in the whole book, from the first to last chapter, and the story is told with a verve and enthusiasm which carries the reader along, willy nilly, to the sound of revolver shots and strange Spanish oaths until, with a sigh of relief, he sees the fugitive safely on board their friend's yacht, steaming out of the fatal harbour. Adventure follows adventure with kaleidoscopic rapidity; the characters escape, are recaptured, flee again and are retaken; they assume disguises and cast them off, to appear again, the women in men's clothes, the men dressed as old women; they are besieged in a fortress and are only saved at the eleventh hour by a balloon and the intervention of a convenient earthquake. Time after time they are apparently lost, only to reappear triumphant in some totally unexpected quarter. It is a vigorous and striking book.

D R A M A

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

YESTERDAY I was in Oxford upon a flying visit of inspection, the subject of which was the yearly play by the members of the University Dramatic Society, and the result was an evening, if not quite of unqualified approval, certainly of much enjoyment. For many reasons these Shakespearean revels of undergraduate Oxford must always have their peculiar charm, but I dare say that last night's entertainment found me more sentimentally inclined than usual. Years and years ago (they say nine, but it seems ninety) when the O.U.D.S. last gave a *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I saw it from the behind the footlights. In that blessed position one does not criticise—one enjoys; and though the performance is said now to have been the worst in the whole history of Oxford acting (a fact that modesty should perhaps forbid me to mention) to one at least of the players it seemed then that perfection had spoken her last word, and the memory of that unforgettably happy week gave me yesterday a tender interest in its successor.

Those were the far-off days in which Mr. Bernard Shaw had but just surrendered the critical stall of the *Saturday Review* to the gentleman who now occupies it with such distinction. Then, possibly, Oxford still knew the latter's worth better than London, and I well recall our emotion behind the curtain when it was reported that He—the Infant-Phenomenon of Letters—was in front. How eagerly, too, we listened to the words that fell from those wise lips during the feast that followed; and how much more eagerly we welcomed, a week later, the printed words that might perhaps show us our own names glorified with His praise! I do not think that we found them. To the best of my remembrance, indeed, the article was for three-quarters of its length a disquisition—witty, paradoxical, and brilliant, of course—upon the experience of revisiting Oxford, and the "mimes" themselves made but a cursory appearance in the tail of it. Poor mimes! We were sadly disappointed, and for my own part I date a suspicion of contemporary criticism from that hour.

And now I am doing very much the same thing myself. But, in truth, from outside this matter bears a different aspect, and it is no slight to the performance at the New Theatre last evening to confess that it provided only a part of my pleasure in the visit that it occasioned. Good, however, in many ways it was, not I admit the best of many that I have seen upon the same stage, but better certainly than could be given by any other company of amateurs I know of. The play itself, to begin with, is fortunately suited to its players. It is a masque, written, one feels, in a holiday humour, for it breathes the very extravagance and poetry of youth; and youth, happily, is the strong point of the O.U.D.S. They are all young, gloriously, undisguisably young, and the play is the better for it. Some arbitrary distinctions of age, it is true, the author has pretended to make, as that Egeus should be the elder of Theseus, and Starveling wrinkle his face and affect a quavering falsetto. What of that? No Athenian tailor over the age of nineteen could display such whole-hearted enthusiasm for a minor part in an indifferent interlude, and not all the trickery of Clarkson shall persuade me that any of the characters in last night's comedy were other than the delightful and high-spirited boys whom Shakespeare himself had obviously intended them to be.

It was youth, too, that made of Lysander and Demetrius, the most difficult parts in the play, as gallant a pair of lovers as maiden might desire, and thus, incidentally, lessened our impatience over their somewhat

slender and talkative intrigue. Youth confessed was in the heels of Flute and the grave-visaged Quince at the first notes of the Bergomask. As for the fairies, they were just as young as, and only a little taller than, real fairies are. Watching them, I remembered that other performance of which I have already spoken, and was grateful for so dainty a chorus. Last time, the ladies, kindly, enthusiastic ladies, who were good enough to help us—but I will forbear. Many of them, no doubt, are still alive.

I repeat that, taking it all in all, it was an excellent entertainment, and much to the taste of an audience that, to the returned wanderer, was by no means its least interesting part. We applauded everybody, but the clown scenes especially roused us to a laughter for which your London playhouses might long in vain. I only hope the actors on the stage enjoyed themselves as much. I believe they did. I like to fancy them moving in that transfigured world of theirs, beneath strange heights of shadowy canvas, where unseen music sounds, and the scent of grease-paint is as the perfumes of Arabia. *Et ego in Arcadia viri!* To-day, I think, there will be a great sale of newspapers in Oxford, and I know the haste with which certain columns in them will be scanned, till (skipping that inevitable reference to Mr. Arthur Bouchier—what praisers of time past are these dramatic critics!) the readers may attain the more important mention of Second Citizen or First Attendant.

I protest they shall be disappointed for me. Not but that I could if I would, for there was much last night that seemed worthy of notice. But the truth is, not only that in a performance such as this comparisons are unseemly, because the society is the important thing, not the individual, but that already I grow confused. There were more players, in my fancy, than ever appeared upon the stage, and other voices, now and again, seemed to speak in the familiar words. It might be that, unawares, I should praise the Theseus of a Treasury official, or an Oberon who has been Reverend these many years. Silence is better.

But, lest that silence be mistaken, I beg here to take my successors collectively by the hand, and to tell them all, even those of them about whom it would not be true, that the O.U.D.S. has every reason to be grateful for their performance. "A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry"; the words of Bully Bottom might stand as a motto for the whole. Yet—to confess again—they were other words of his that lingered most in my own thoughts, that I found myself repeating as we came out of the theatre into the darkened streets, amongst the laughing crowd that was so like a hundred I remembered, so like and yet so strangely different:

"Where be those lads? Where be those hearts?"

ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

"THE GATES OF THE MORNING" AT THE STAGE SOCIETY

A MORE remarkable play than this, by Miss Margaret M. Mack, has not been seen in London for a long time, and the members of the Stage Society are much to be congratulated on the courage of their committee in having produced it. As a first play by a new playwright it shows a great deal more than mere promise, for here is an achievement of which many a well-known playwright might have been proud. In many ways the ideas that Miss Mack was trying to enforce were so complex that even the most experienced dramatist might have hesitated as to their suitability to stage representation, and perhaps I may be pardoned if I failed after seeing the play only once in catching hold of all the ideas it contained.

The play concerns itself with the attitude of several widely different characters on the subject of motherhood. The principal character is a revivalist preacher named Samuel Wilson, who is also a linen-draper's assistant; he is ardently sincere, but intensely conceited of his powers, and at the same time most amusing with his tags of Scripture and his commercial similes. He has recently married Alice Larne, who has a baby by a man who died too suddenly to have made her his wife. Wilson is quite aware of his goodness in having married her under the circumstances, but he is genuinely in love with her, and only anxious to be able to induce his wife to leave the child with her mother. Mrs. Larne is a rich lady, who has allowed her daughter to run away from home to go on the stage as a chorus girl, and who is entirely devoted to a pug dog. Then there is Miss Nancy Larne, Alice's aunt, a young lady about thirty-two years of age, who lives with Mrs. Larne; she has been used for some years to act the part of the Madonna in a church mystery play, and though she is engaged to a young artist and is likely to be married at once, she is anxious to adopt a child, and Alice's baby seems a favourable opportunity; but she certainly has no desire for a child of her own. There is also, in the first act, a dying "unfortunate," Mill Robyn, whom Wilson has "converted," but who relapses from time to time into her old ways of thinking, and has to be brought back to grace by the most impassioned revivalist eloquence. It was a most curiously compounded play; at times it was so amusing that the audience did nothing but laugh, and then, again, it became so serious that many of the audience were shocked at the plain-speaking and unconventional arguments on the maternity question. The first act, which ends with the most impressive death of Mill, might almost have been a complete play in itself, and was entirely admirable. The second act, which takes place at Mrs. Larne's house, contained many interesting features. The unavailing efforts of Wilson to move Mrs. Larne from her pug worship to take an interest in her grandchild, were as amusing as the fatuous complacency with which the efforts were parried. But the real essence of the play came out in the third act, when Alice tries to regain her child from Nancy. Her violent denunciation of the others, including her husband, who lets out that he has prayed twice a day that he may never have any children, and her scorn of the sham Madonna in Nancy, lead to statements being made that I can only imagine the Censor failed to understand when he read the play in MS. If the play can at all justly be said to have missed success, the cause must be found in the fact that so little warning is given until near the end of how serious a purpose Miss Mack had in view in writing the play. One's interest at the beginning is so entirely taken up with the character of Wilson, that one naturally fancies that his sincerity in the face of difficulties is to be the theme, and though this certainly remains a serious feature to the end, it is entirely swallowed up by the importance of the thesis which is argued so minutely and unrestrainedly all through the last act.

Mr. Norman Page gave an excellent performance as Samuel Wilson. He really became the half-educated, fervent, but self-deceiving revivalist, and one's interest in him never wavered. Miss Sydney Fairbrother added another to her successes as the dying girl; there was that mixture of pathos and humour which only a great artist is able to represent. Miss Amy Lamborn played with great restraint and yet real passion as Alice Wilson, and Miss Alice Mansfield gave a most amusing performance as Mrs. Larne. I am sure Miss Vera Coburn was a great deal too young looking for the part of Nancy, otherwise she acted very well.

When I say that there was a ruthlessness in the arguments of the play that reminded me of Ibsen, and a

wittiness in the dialogue that was reminiscent of Bernard Shaw, I am trying to express my feeling that, even if imperfect, *The Gates of the Morning* is a genuine work of art.

A. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

BROWBEATING BOOKSELLERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The incurable optimism of critics is responsible for two deplorable events: (1) Now that nearly every book is praised indiscriminately readers have ceased to pay any attention to reviews, (2) booksellers have come to regard all disapproval of their wares as a malicious libel on themselves.

Some years ago a very famous bookseller issued a very large book. I gave a frank opinion of it in a great *Review*. The bookseller immediately intimated that advertisements would be discontinued; he threatened even to cease sending books if he were flouted again.

The other day a petty bookseller submitted a novel, and I warned the readers of *John Bull* that I had found it stupid, tedious twaddle. This happened to be my honest opinion. I could not have expressed any other without deceiving and defrauding the public. Messrs. Greening, however, immediately opened a campaign against me. Having no case for the defence of their book, they proceeded to heap personal abuse upon me, as though I were a pickpocket or an attorney.

They began by inundating the press with advertisements, in which they sneered at me as "notable or notorious" and "peculiar in" my "views," as though only the wildest eccentricity could explain a failure to admire their founding.

Their next step was to issue an advertising circular, which they entitled "the Imp, a Monthly Magazine." It is almost exclusively composed of direct and indirect puffs of the firm's books and their authors. On a previous occasion, however, they announced on their cover that purchasers would find an open letter to one Hall Caine. But if anybody was lured by this promise of personalities to purchase a copy, he must have been disappointed to find only an announcement that the "letter" had been suppressed in deference to the fears of the printer.

Evidently, however, in my case the printer was less timid, for the March issue contains many riotous references to myself. I am kindly reminded that I am "no longer young"; I am accused of being "bald" and "bearded"; regrets are expressed that a "saving piece (*sic*) of humour" did not prevent me from making myself ridiculous; and there is a final pronouncement that "to be abused by Mr. Vivian is in itself a recommendation."

Now, sir, such graceful exhibitions of a fine frenzy do not cause me sleepless nights. Having fought with beasts in an electoral arena, I am not to be frightened by the false fire which belches from behind a bookseller's barrow. But others, who share my belief that a critic's duty is to criticise, may be silenced by the menace of personal recrimination. Some may be engaged in a perpetual struggle with the wolf at their door, and may dread dismissal by an editor whom publishers have reft of his advertisements. Others may love admiration, and may fear the consequences of libels which attribute glistening crowns and hairy, germ-infested faces. Others, again, may intend to write books and will endeavour to propitiate booksellers at all costs, even at the cost of being accessories to the sale of trash.

Bonaparte is dead, and there remains no one to mete out justice to booksellers. Will you not use your powerful influence to protect critics, now resisted in the execution of their duty to the public?

March 4.

HERBERT VIVIAN.

CHARLES I.—HIS NAME

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The question which your correspondent "B" propounds in your issue of February 29th, as to the reason of the selection of the name "Charles" for the second son of James I., is an interesting one. Though documentary evidence has not been forthcoming to settle this matter, the following is a reasonable conjecture:—

In Scotland the custom has existed for centuries, and still prevails, that the first son of a marriage should be named after the father or paternal grandfather, and the first daughter after

the mother or maternal grandmother. The second son was most frequently named after the father's brother, or failing that connection, the grandfather's brother. Subsequent children might be named after remoter ancestors.

This method was exactly followed by James I. in naming his three sons. The eldest son was named Henry Frederick, the first name being after his paternal grandfather, Henry Lord Darnley; and the second after his maternal grandfather, Frederick II. of Denmark. As King James was an only child, there was no uncle to supply the name for the second son, so a step further back in the genealogy was taken, and he was named "Charles," after his grand-uncle, Charles Earl of Lenox, the brother of Henry Lord Darnley, and the father of Lady Arabella Stuart. The third son, who only lived for three months, was named "Robert," probably after Robert II., the founder of the Stewart Dynasty.

It may be asked, How did the names Henry and Charles come into the Lenox family? The answer is simple. Henry Lord Darnley, was the grandson of Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII., sister of Henry VIII., wife of James IV., and, by her second marriage, wife of Archibald Earl of Angus. Margaret Tudor's daughter, Margaret Douglas, married Matthew Earl of Lenox, and was mother of Henry Stuart Lord Darnley. In the genealogy of the Stuarts and Darnleys, the name of Henry does not occur previous to the birth of Henry Lord Darnley, so that the name must have come from the Tudors. In 1891 Lady Elizabeth Cust published (privately) a remarkable volume, entitled "Some Account of the Stuarts of Aubigny in France," in which the genealogy is clearly traced. The name "Charles" first appears in the family-names of Lenox with the advent of Charles Stuart, brother of Lord Darnley. As his uncle, John Stuart Lord D'Aubigny (brother of Matthew Earl of Lenox), was in high favour with Charles IX. of France, it is probable that the name was derived from that monarch, with whom the Earl of Lenox would be acquainted when he was a naturalised French subject at the Courts of Francis I. and Henri II.

The naming of the daughters of James I. is also an interesting subject. The eldest was called Elizabeth, after the Queen of England, whom James wished to propitiate. The second was named Margaret, after her paternal great-grandmother, Margaret Douglas. The name of the third was Mary, after her paternal grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. The origin of "Sophia," the name of the fourth, is obscure.

March. 2.

A. H. MILLAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The name of Charles was popular in France, and doubtless came over to Scotland with Queen Mary. Many French words did. I believe "gigot" is still used by Caledonian housewives; also "petticoat-tail," which is derived from *petit gatel*.

Charles was the first name of James I., but King Charles the Martyr is said to have been named after his paternal great-uncle, Lord Charles Stuart (see "The Life of Charles I., 1600-1625," by E. Beresford Chancellor. London, 1886).

It is interesting to note the derivation of the name *Lat. carus*, *Fr. cher*, and the fact that Draga, the name of a Queen, who was also assassinated, is derived from a word meaning "dear."

March 4.

JIM CROW.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to protest against Mr. Machen's quoting "La Terre" as an accurate portrait of the modern French peasant. It has been fiercely denied in quarters where they are qualified to pronounce an opinion. In "Le Roman Naturaliste," M. Brunetière devotes a chapter to "La Terre," in which, with a moral indignation very like Mr. Machen's own, he denounces it as an outrage both on art and on the French peasant whom it professes to describe. Zola's method, he shows, is to accumulate hideous stories from the police news, pile them together in a horrible dunghill, and call the result "life"! In another essay—I regret to say that I cannot give chapter and verse, but I am quite sure of the fact, for I possess the book, which is mislaid—M. Brunetière gives evidence from several authorities that the peasants of La Beauce, the scene of "La Terre," are extremely delicate, almost prudish in their language; and yet, according to the "Apostle of Naturalism," the earth could hardly match

such a set of Yahoos! The poor, especially in cities, as M. Brunetière points out, are often degraded, and use horrible language—horrible to us, but not to them, being meaningless by vain repetitions—but even here there are often heroic virtues and life-long self-sacrifices, as the records of the Prix Montyon prove, which M. Zola never sees, or does not think worth recording, having an eye, like the old man with the muck-rake in Bunyan, only for the treasures of the dustbin.

Jules Lemaitre calls the Rougon Macquart series a pessimist epic of human bestiality: he goes on to remark that Zola is not a realist, an observer of actual life at all, as Daudet and others are, but in his way a prose Hugo, less of an artist, of course, but with the same turn for symbolism and flamboyant exaggeration of what he sees in his mind's eye.

I have myself lived in France and talked to the French peasant, and found him full of tact and good breeding, in gentlemanly manners infinitely superior to our own lower orders, either in town or country; but, as I am an obscure person, let me quote a passage from Matthew Arnold's essay on "Equality":

Mr. Hamerton is an excellent observer and reporter, and has lived many years in France. He says of the French peasantry that they are exceedingly ignorant. So they are. But, he adds, "they are at the same time full of intelligence; their manners are excellent; they have delicate perceptions; they have tact; they have a certain refinement which a brutalised peasantry could not possibly have. If you talk to one of them at his own home, or in his field, he will enter into conversation with you easily, and sustain his part in a perfectly becoming way, with a pleasant combination of dignity and quiet humour. The interval between him and a Kentish labourer is enormous."

Mr. Machen may be right, or wrong, as to the "United States of Gehenna," to which, however, I regret that no humorous American replied with a little criticism of our own failings (*acerrima proximorum odia*?—TACITUS); but I am quite sure that, with his fiery ecclesiastical prejudices, he does not understand the French peasant of to-day.

H. M.

[Mr. Machen writes: So far as I can discover the points in "H. M.'s" letter are these:

1. That M. Brunetière disagreed with M. Zola.
2. That even in French cities heroic virtues are to be found.
3. That M. Jules Lemaitre thinks that Zola was a pessimist.
4. That "H. M." likes French peasants.
5. That Mr. Hamerton liked French peasants.

The second proposition I do not deny; the others seem to me more or less irrelevant. I mean they prove nothing in particular. I might say "I admire York Cathedral," and "H. M." might retort, "Yes; but Smollett hated it, and Smollett was a very keen observer and had no fiery ecclesiastical prejudices." Or, again, I might observe that I did not think very much of "The Epic of Hades"; to which, of course, "H. M." would answer, "So much the worse for you, as John Bright thought Lewis Morris the greatest poet of the age, and John Bright had no fiery ecclesiastical prejudices." This sort of argument will not lead one very far; for my part I know, as all the world knows, that Zola was an honest man, and a fair man, and a lover of truth—he gave his proofs, let it be remembered—and that it is a monstrous absurdity to suppose that such a man would concoct a lying and malignant fiction concerning his own countrymen. Indeed, "H. M." should be the last to urge the contrary to this proposition, since Emile Zola was certainly not a man of fiery ecclesiastical prejudices. Finally—to take a point of mere literature—"H. M." should be aware that Symbolists are the only true Realists.]

[We will supplement Mr. Machen's reply by observing that there is considerable corroboration of Zola's view of the French peasant to be found in Balzac. "Les Paysans" is in its way almost as strong an indictment of the French peasant as "La Terre."—Ed.]

COCKNEY RHYMES

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I exceedingly regret to have overlooked the distinction drawn by Prof. Skeat, thereby incurring his just rebuke. I apologise to him and to your readers.

March 2.

T. S. O.

"FRANKLY IDIOTIC"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The contention of Mr. Porter that it is not obvious that *yain* in Hebrew and *oinos* in Greek mean "wine" is undoubtedly true. It is not obvious; no more obvious than that *khalab* in Hebrew and *gala* in Greek mean "milk," and not a mixture of chalk and water: one cannot prove it. But when a new interpretation, which has never been heard of until within the last few years, is put upon these words—viz., that they denote a decoction styled "unfermented wine"—the burden of proof lies with those who put forward this theory: it is incumbent upon them to prove that such a thing as "unfermented wine" was known to the ancient world at all.

Possibly the following extract from a private letter of a Jewish professor may be of interest:

Wine was commonly so strong that it needed dilution with water. Unless it would bear dilution by at least a third as much water as wine, it was not regarded as deserving the name of wine. Hence the ordinary word for pouring out wine is *masag* (lit. *mix*). There are many references to the intoxicating effects of wine, but moderation in drinking was strictly enjoined. Wine was held in very high repute as a food, as a medicine, and as a stimulant of joyousness. Wine was required at many religious ceremonies, especially at the Sabbath sanctification and in the Passover Eve. . . . "Wine of the vat"—i.e., wine before complete fermentation—was drunk as a beverage, but was not held in favourable repute, and was not normally used for religious ceremonial. . . . As the law now stands in the Jewish codes, for the Passover red wine is to be preferred, but it may be very much diluted. Raisin wine, made by steeping or boiling raisins, may be used, and is very commonly employed. The temperate habits of Jews are by some attributed to the very fact that wine is so frequently associated with religious usage. Thus the sanctification of wine-drinking is held to produce a reluctance to over-indulgence and a feeling in favour of strict moderation.

The fullest discussion of the whole question is to be found in A. M. Wilson's book, "The Wines of the Bible" (1897), which is at the same time virtually a criticism of "The Temperance Bible Commentary," where the opposite side is argued. His conclusion is that so far as the ancients are concerned there was no such thing as unfermented wine.

I fear that nothing can be inferred from the Vulgate *calix meus inebrians*, as the Hebrew undoubtedly means "my overflowing cup," and I fancy that most Roman Catholic writers interpret *inebriare* in the sense of "saturate" rather than "intoxicate," both here and in the well-known "Anima Christi." The reproach levelled at Our Lord of being a glutton and a wine-bibber is more to the point.

It is a pity that teetotalers damage a good cause by over-statements: to me—who have been a total abstainer for sixteen years, and who intend to remain so until the rest of the world becomes temperate—it does seem "frankly idiotic" to denounce the temperate use of wine because of its abuse, as it would be to denounce the using of marriage because of the "corruption which is in the world by lust," a corruption far more widespread and far more detrimental to the religious and moral sense than that caused by the misuse of intoxicating liquors.

March 3.

J. M. NEWLAND SMITH.

EAST AND WEST

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—IN THE ACADEMY of the 8th and 22nd February I have just seen two notices, under the above title, of a recent book of mine entitled "The Crescent *versus* the Cross." I am aware that it is not considered good form for an author to enter into a discussion with the reviewer of his book. Nevertheless, I shall expect from your courtesy that you will allow me to make a few remarks on the criticisms of my reviewer. I should read with equanimity the views of a literary reviewer who kept the personality of the author out of his mind when treating the subject of his book, no matter whether the author were his friend or his foe. Your reviewer violates this dignified rule when he says, with evident disdain, that, in spite of my "academic distinctions," my work is a superficial appeal *ad populum*. In reviewing my book along with some other works written with totally different objects, he compares only one portion of my book with theirs, with an evident confusion of judgment. He praises one of these

authors, a Semitic writer who seems to have dealt with the comparative merits of Islam, Christianity, and Judaism; at the same time he attacks me, hinting that I am incapable of showing such scholarship in dealing with these subjects. His disdain blinds him to the fact that I have put forward no pretensions to being acquainted with Semitic literature, about which he makes so pedantic a display.

Your reviewer reproaches me with confusing together the Gospel, nationality, customs, trade, politics, etc. His knowledge of the affairs of the world is apparently very vague, and he therefore does not see that the Christian world has been confusing these things ever since medieval times, and that it was on account of such a confusion of thought that all the bloody wars were waged by Christendom against Islam, and more especially against my own nation. The reviewer remarks with pointless sarcasm that I am annoyed "because the friends of the dead in the West, as in Turkey, care more for the manner of sepulture than the fact." This is another misrepresentation of the views I expressed in my book. What I observed was that, as in the matter of birth and marriage, so in death also, superfluous ceremonies afford great opportunities for the priesthood to uphold their old intolerant influence among the superstitious masses. In order to find an appreciation of Islam your reviewer says, "We will turn from the *Efendi*" (which simply means Mr. and is, of course, not my title) "back to Richard Burton, or to some of the instructed officials," who, he remarks, are embraced in my "condemnation" (such as, I suppose, the late Sir William Muir). No Mussulman who is a student of English literature would be grateful to him for this kind of appreciation, as the former gentleman is regarded by them as one of those Occidentals who like to entertain their European readers of sensuous temperament by giving them shady traditions in vogue among the vulgar in the Orient, while the latter always promoted missionary efforts under the guise of Oriental scholarship and entertained a deep-seated hatred against Islam. After finding me devoid of any philosophic sense, your reviewer concludes his criticism with a philosophic display of his opinion about Islam, which I find full of high-sounding phrases without much sense. I may add that "The Crescent *versus* the Cross," which the reviewer has treated with downright abuse, has been regarded worthy of translation into the four great Oriental languages—namely, Arabic, Turkish, Hindustani, and Persian, and it will soon appear in these languages.

HALIL HALID.

[Our reviewer writes that he has not the advantage of any knowledge whatever of the personality of the author, beyond what may be found between the covers of his book, and a very brief note in the public press stating that he had been chosen to represent the University of Cambridge at the Congress of Orientalists. Our reviewer concludes that the author supposes him to be some acquaintance ill-disposed to him: this is entirely erroneous. Our reviewer does not allude to any Semitic writer who has dealt with the comparative merits of Islam, Christianity, and Judaism, nor to the late Sir William Muir, nor to such portions of Burton's "Arabian Nights" as are valuable to the curious in pornography. Nor does he suppose that any Mussulman would be "grateful" for any hafir appreciation of his religion; he would suppose Mussulmans to be satisfied with it without such patronage.—Ed.]

FRENCH AND LANGUE D'OCC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In an article entitled "Burns's Home-spun," published in your issue of February 22nd, the following remarks occur:

After many strange vicissitudes the ancient speech of Alfred lingers in scraps of *patois* among the orchards of Somerset, the fens of Lincoln, on the downs of Wessex, in the dales of Cumberland, on the moors of Yorkshire, and in the solitary glens of Scotland. Exactly the same thing has taken place in France, where the peasant of the South employs the ancient language of the Troubadours, the true Langue d'Oc, from which modern French has diverged so much that they are now practically different tongues.

Langue d'Oc and French have always been different tongues. Langue d'Oc, more usually called Provençal, is an independent language derived, like French, Italian, and most other languages of Southern Europe, from Latin. During the Middle Ages it was spoken throughout the southern part of France, while in the North, French, or "Langue d'Oil,"

as it was sometimes called, was employed. Provençal was used as a literary language by the southern French poets, the Troubadours, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but after this period Provençal literature, for political reasons, began to decline, and almost ceased to exist in the fifteenth century. Lately an attempt to revive Provençal as a literary language has been made by Mistral and others.

The language spoken to-day by the peasants of Southern France, and written by Mistral, is indeed the language of the Troubadours, but it has altered and developed from the mediæval language just as much as modern English has developed from the English of, say, Layamon, or modern French from the French of Chrestien de Troyes or any other writer of Northern France in the twelfth or thirteenth century.

March 3.

BARBARA SMYTHE.

THE SICILIAN PLAYERS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I was glad to read the appreciation of the Sicilian Players which appeared in your last issue. It is so far removed from the cock-sure methods of the ordinary professional critic as to be a really scientific document. There are so many of these gentlemen lying in wait for the opportunity of explaining a new thrill, that it is pleasant to find one who is anxious to temper his judgment by reason. For over the Sicilian histrionic methods a good many have lost their heads.

As a student of acting, I have seen those people, and to find a parallel standard I have had recourse to an extensive experience of provincial acting, ranging from first-class to "portable" theatres. It is with the acting of the last-named houses I propose to deal. I hope I am doing no injustice to the actors I have seen in the "portables," to say that the plays in which they appeared entirely concerned themselves with the crude and elemental passions. I think it was Zola who said that Art was Nature seen through a temperament. To gain the approval of their audience, it was necessary that they should use realistic methods. At bottom, realism is simply the representation of certain passions in so accurate a fashion that it shall give the simulation of Nature—and such simulation should set up the concomitant emotion, or passion, in the mind of the spectator; the cruder the nature of the actor, the more real will the effect of his acting be to an audience equally crude in its emotions. Hence your "portable" actor prides himself upon the realism with which he can depict a hand to hand struggle, the simulation of an epileptic fit, or the representation of the death of a lawless man. All these things the Sicilian Players can do well, because their racial qualities are elementary, and they are possessed of a temperament to which these crude passions appeal as capable of mimicry.

There is another thing in which the "portable" actor is deficient or careless, that is stage management. As a rule, on "portable" stages, persons and things "occur." My point will be better understood when it is stated that the aim of the modern stage manager is to see that the characters in the background should move in perfect harmony with the actions of the characters in the foreground. The ideal of stage-management may briefly be described as—to produce a series of pictures, the balance of which is so equably preserved that at no moment is the theme lost sight of through the over-predominance of minor details. In the closing scene of *Malta* the only impression I carried away was that of a helter-skelter of people obtruding themselves towards the footlights—the principals struggling to break through to the front of the stage, the *brouhaha* of contending parties, a sudden tiger-like spring, and then the curtain fell. What I had missed was the mimetic representation of overwhelming passion in the principal players—instead of witnessing the fierce combat of two rivals in love, with their elemental passions raising them to a pitch of tragic grandeur, the whole thing appeared to me to be simply a vulgar row.

I refuse to accept Signora Aguglia as a second Duse or Bernhardt. To mention her in the same sentence is to degrade them. She is an exceptionally clever mime, capable of representing certain crude passions. In my view, she failed to bring out the finer part of Iana in *Malta*. In those silent passages where, in the hopelessness of her love, she kneels before the image, I saw no trace of the struggle of conflicting emotions fighting for possession of her soul. Instead of that, there was the crude emotionalism which one associates with those of a grosser nature. Her movements of abandon were sheer animalism when they were not devoted to morbid mimicry of pathological states.

But all these things do not make up the highest art. We

have no lack of realistic actors in England. A sterling histrion like Mr. Warner can give you a horribly realistic representation of Coupeau, or the picture of a paralytic with astonishing accuracy. But that style of thing is no longer popular. The modern actor, if he be an artist, eliminates those repulsive details, so that cultured as the playgoer has now become, I am surprised at this sudden display of atavism on the part of the public—this eager assistance at what may be termed a success of curiosity. Those who saw the same players in *La Figlia di Jorio* could judge that, temperamentally, they were unable to depict the finer emotions in D'Annunzio's play. As for Signor Grasso, he is the one brilliant exception, and as I have already trespassed too much upon the courtesy of your space, I must content myself by recording my gratitude for the privilege of witnessing the initial efforts, in England, of a really great artist.

March 2.

ROBB LAWSON.

CENSORSHIP OF PLAYS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We desire to express our sympathy with the dramatic authors in their demand for the abolition of the present system of censorship of plays. We are all anxious that the moral and educational influence of the drama shall be for good, but we agree that the present method of supervision has failed to achieve this object, and we should be glad to see the necessary public control secured by other means.

William Agnew.	Oliver Lodge.
Maurice Baring.	Lucas.
Sidney Ball.	Emily Lutyens.
H. Belloc.	Lytton.
Arthur C. Benson.	Edith Lyttelton.
E. F. Benson.	H. J. Mackinder.
Max Beerbohm.	Charles F. G. Masterman.
Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.	P. Chalmers Mitchell.
R. A. Bray.	A. R. Orage.
H. E. Butler.	William Poel.
S. H. Butcher.	Mary E. Ponsonby.
R. J. Campbell.	A. Quiller Couch.
Edgar F. Carriv.	Robert T. Rait.
Winston S. Churchill.	Walter Raleigh.
B. A. Crackanthorpe.	Charles Ricketts.
Walter Crane.	G. Grant Robertson.
Jennie Cornwallis West.	William Rothenstein.
G. Lowes Dickinson.	Bertrand Russell.
Maria Theresa Earle.	Margaret of Sarawak.
A. S. F. Farquharson.	Ernest de Selincourt.
Everard Feilding.	Charles Shannon.
H. A. L. Fisher.	Edith Sichel.
J. W. Fortescue.	Ethel Smyth.
Douglas Freshfield.	Edward F. Spence.
Roger Fry.	Henry Scott Holland.
Feodora Gleichen.	L. Alma-Tadema.
Edmund Gosse.	R. J. E. Tiddy.
W. H. Hadow.	T. Fisher Unwin.
H. Rider Haggard.	Allan F. Walden.
H. L. Henderson.	Charles Waldstein.
Stewart Headlam.	Emery Walker.
Clemence Housman.	Sidney Webb.
H. W. B. Joseph.	Beatrice Webb.
Herbert Jekyll.	Frederick Whelen.
K. Leeds.	A. E. Zimmern.
L. G. Wickham Legg.	F. de Zulueta.
Betty Lewis.	

FRAMEHOUSE = WORKHOUSE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—On page 1A of "A Commentarie vpon the Fiftene Psalmes, called Psalmi Graduum, that is, Psalmes of Degrees: Faithfully copied out of the Lectures of D. Martin Luther, very frutefull and comfortable for all Christian afflicted consciences to reade. Translated out of Latine into English by HENRY BVLL. Imprinted at London . . . 1577," one finds these words: "And the common people are as it were, the framehouse of Satan, because they loth and despise that which is dayly taught them." A marginal note to this says: "The common people are the framehowse or workehowse of the deuill.—Deut. 29." These quotations might with advantage be added to "The Historical English Dictionary in its next edition.

February 29.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

[Our List of Books Received has again been unavoidably held over.]

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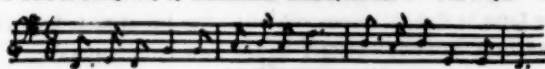
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